THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

AS IT HATH BEENE
Publikely acted at the COCK-PIT
in Drury-lane:
By Her Maiesties seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare——

LONDON,
Printed by *Robert Raworth:* dwelling in Old Fish-street,
neere Saint *Mary Maudlins* Church. 1633.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Geraldine. *Dalauill.*	Two yong Gentlemen.
Olde Wincott	The husband.
His Wife	A yong Gentlewoman.
Prudentilla	Siſter to the wife.
Reignald	A paraſiticall ſeruing-man.
Robin	A countrey ſeruing-man.
Lionell	A riotous Citizen.
Blanda	A Whore.
Scapha	A Bawde.
Rioter	A Spend-thrift
Two Gallants	His Companions.
Roger the Clowne	Seruant to Olde Wincott.
Two proſtitutes	Companions with Blanda.
Olde Lionell	A Merchant father to yong Lionell.
A Seruant	To Olde Lionell.
Olde Mr. Geraldine	Father to yong Geraldine.
An Vſurer and his man.	
A Gentleman	Companion with Dalauill.
Beſſe	Chambermaid to Miſtris Wincott.
A Tauerne Drawer.	
Maſter Ricott	A Merchant.

The *Owner* of the houſe, ſuppoſed to be poſſeſt.

3 5 5 8

TO

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL Sir HENRY APPLETON, Knight Barronet, &c.

NOBLE SIR,

FOr many reaſons I am induced, to preſent this Poem, to your fauourable acceptance; and not the leaſt of them that alternate Loue, and thoſe frequent curteſies which interchangably paſt, betwixt your ſelfe and that good old Gentleman, mine vnkle (Maſter *Edmund Heywood*) whom you pleaſed to grace by the Title of Father: I muſt confeſſe, I had altogether ſlept (my weaklines and baſhfullneſſe diſcouraging mee) had they not bin waken'd and animated, by that worthy Gentleman your friend, and my countreyman, Sir *William Eluiſh*, whom (for his vnmerited loue many wayes extended towards me,) I much honour; Neither Sir, neede you to thinke it any vnderualuing of your worth, to vndertake the patronage of a Poem in this nature, ſince the like hath beene done by Roman *Lælius*, *Scipio*, *Mecænas*, and many other mighty Princes and Captaines, Nay, euen by *Auguſtus Cæſar* himſelfe, concerning whom *Ouid* is thus read, *De triſti: lib.* 2.

Inſpice ludorum ſumptus Auguſte tuorum
Empta tibi magno, talia multa leges.
Hæc tu ſpectaſti, ſpectandaque ſæpe deſti
Maieſtas adeo comis vbique tua eſt.

So highly were they reſpected in the moſt flouriſhing eſtate of the Roman Empire; and if they haue beene vilefied of late by any Separiſticall humoriſt, (as in the now queſtioned *Hiſtrio-maſtix*) I hope by the next Terme, (*Minerua aſſiſtente*) to giue ſuch ſatisfaction to the world, by vindicating many particulars in that worke maliciouſly exploded and condemned, as that no Gentleman of qualitie and iudgement, but ſhall therein receiue a reaſonable ſatisfaction; I am loth by tediouſneſſe to grow troubleſome, therefore conclude with a gratefull remembrance of my ſeruice intermixt with Miriads of zealous wiſhes for your health of body, and peace of minde, with ſuperabundance of Earths bleſſings, and Heauens graces, euer remaining;

Yours moſt obſeruant,

Thomas Heywood.

To

To the Reader.

IF Reader thou haſt of this Play beene an auditour? there is leſſe apology to be vſed by intreating thy patience. This Tragi-Comedy (being one reſerued amongſt two hundred and twenty, in which I haue had either an entire hand, or at the leaſt a maine finger, comming accidentally to the Preſſe, and I hauing Intelligence thereof, thought it not fit that it ſhould paſſe as filius populi, a Baſtard without a Father to acknowledge it: True it is, that my Playes are not expoſed vnto the world in Volumes, to beare the title of Workes, (as others) one reaſon is, That many of them by ſhifting and change of Companies, haue beene negligently loſt, Others of them are ſtill retained in the hands of ſome Actors, who thinke it againſt their peculiar profit to haue them come in Print, and a third, That it neuer was any great ambition in me, to bee in this kind Volumniouſly read. All that I haue further to ſay at this time is onely this: Cenſure I intreat as fauourably, as it is expoſed to thy view freely. euer

Studious of thy Pleaſure and Profit,

Thomas Heywood.

The Prologue.

A Strange Play you are like to haue, for know,
We vſe no Drum, nor Trumpet, nor Dumbe ſhow;
No Combate, Marriage, not ſo much to day,
As Song, Dance, Maſque, to bumbaſte out a Play;
Yet theſe all good, and ſtill in frequent vſe
with our beſt Poets; nor is this excuſe
Made by our Author, as if want of skill
Caus'd this defect; it's rather his ſelfe will:
Will you the reaſon know? There haue ſo many
Beene in that kind, that Hee deſires not any
At this time in His Sceane, no helpe, no ſtraine,
Or flaſh that's borrowed from an others braine;
Nor ſpeakes Hee this that Hee would haue you feare it,
He onely tries if once bare Lines will beare it;
Yet may't afford, ſo pleaſe you ſilent ſit,
Some Mirth, ſome Matter, and perhaps ſome wit.

THE

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter young Geraldine and maſter Dalauill.

Dal. H friend, that I to mine owne Notion
Had ioyned but your experience; I haue the
Theoricke, But you the Practicke.

T. Ger. I perhaps, haue ſeene what you haue onely read of.

Dal. There's your happineſſe.
A Scholler in his ſtudy knowes the ſtarres,
Their motion and their influence, which are fixt,
And which are wandering, can decipher Seas,
And giue each ſeuerall Land his proper bounds;
But ſet him to the Compaſſe, hee's to ſeeke,
When a plaine Pilot can, direct his courſe
From hence vnto both th'Indies; can bring backe
His ſhip and charge, with profits quintuple.
I haue read Ieruſalem, and ſtudied Rome,
Can tell in what degree each City ſtands,
Deſcribe the diſtance of this place from that,
All this the Scale in euery Map can teach,
Nay, for a neede could punctually recite
The Monuments in either; but what I
Haue by relation onely, knowledge by trauell
Which ſtill makes vp a compleat Gentleman,
Proones eminent in you.

T. Ge

Y. Ger. I muſt confeſſe,
I haue ſeene Ieruſalem and Rome, haue brought
Marke from th'one, from th'other Teſtimony,
Know Spaine, and France, and from their ayres haue ſnckt
A breath of euery language: but no more
Of this diſcourſe ſince wee draw neere the place
Of them we goe to viſit. *Enter Clowne.*

Clo. Noble maſter Geraldine, worſhipfull maſter Dalauill.

Dal. I ſee thou ſtill remember'ſt vs.

Clo. Remember you, I haue had ſo many memorandomes from the multiplicities of your bounties, that not to remember you were to forget my ſelfe, you are both moſt ingeniouſly and nobly welcome.

Y. Ger. And why ingeniouſly and nobly?

Clo. Becauſe had I giuen your welcomes other attributes then I haue done, the one being a Souldier, and the other ſeeming a Scholler, I ſhould haue lied in the firſt, and ſhewed my ſelfe a kind of block-head in the laſt.

Y. Ger. I ſee your wit is nimble as your tongue,
But how doth all at home?

Clo. Small doings at home ſir, in regard that the age of my Maſter correſponds not with the youth of my Miſtris, and you know cold Ianuary and luſty May ſeldome meet in coniunction.

Dal. I doe not thinke but this fellow in time may for his wit and vnderſtanding make Almanackes?

Clo. Not ſo ſir, you being more iudicious then I, ile giue you the preeminence in that, becauſe I ſee by proofe you haue ſuch iudgement in times and ſeaſons.

Dal. And why in times and ſeaſons?

Clo. Becauſe you haue ſo ſeaſonably made choiſe, to come ſo iuſt at dinner time; you are welcome Gentlemen, ile goe tell my Maſter of your comming. *Exit Clowne.*

Dal. A pleaſant knaue.

Y. Ger. This fellow I perceiue
Is well acquainted with his Maſters mind,
Oh tis a good old man.

Dal. And ſhee a Lady
For Beauty and for Vertue vnparraleld,
Nor can you name that thing to grace a woman
Shee has not in a full perfection,
Though in their yeeres might ſeeme diſparity.

And

And therefore at the firſt, a match vnfit;
Imagine but his age and gouernement,
Withall, her modeſty, and chaſte reſpect;
Betwixt them, there 's ſo ſweet a ſimpathie,
As crownes a noble marriage.
T. Ger. Tis acknowledged,
But to the worthy gentleman himſelfe,
I am ſo bound in many courteſies,
That not the leaſt, by all th' expreſſion
My Labour, or my Induſtry can ſhew,
I will know how to cancell. *Dal.* Oh you are modeſt.
T. Ger. Hee ſtudies to engroſſe mee to himſelfe,
And is ſo wedded to my company,
Hee makes mee ſtranger to my Fathers houſe,
Although ſo neere a neighbour.
Dal. This approues you,
To be moſt nobly propertied, that from one
So exquiſite in Iudgement, can Attract
So affectionate an eye.
T. Ger. Your Caracter,
I muſt beſtow on his vnmerrited loue,
As one that know I haue it, and yet ignorant
Which way I ſhould deſerue it: Heere both come.

Enter old Mr. Wincott, Wife, Prudentilla *the ſiſter, and the* Clowne.

Winc. Gentlemen, welcome, but what needs I vſe
A word ſo common, vnto ſuch to whom
My houſe was neuer priuate; I expect
You ſhould not looke for ſuch a needles phraſe,
Eſpecially you Maſter Geraldine,
Your Father is my neighbour, and I know you,
Euen from the Cradle, then I loued your Infancy,
And ſince your riper growth better'd by trauell;
My wife and you, in youth were play-fellowes,
And nor now be ſtrangers; as I take it,
Not aboue two yeeres different in your Age.
Wife. So much hee hath out ſtript mee.
Winc. I would haue you
Thinke this your home, free as your Fathers houſe,
And to command it, as the Maſter on 't;

Call bouldly heere, and entertaine your friends,
As in your owne possessions, when I see't,
Ile say you loue me truely, not till then;
Oh what a happinesse your Father hath,
Farre aboue mee, one to inherit after him,
Where I (Heauen knowes) am childlesse.
T. Ger. That defect
Heauen hath supplied in this your vertuous Wife,
Both faire, and full of all accomplishment,
My Father is a Widower, and herein
Your happinesse transcends him.
Wife. Oh Master Geraldine,
Flattery in Men 's an adiunct of their sex,
This Countrie breeds it, and for that, so farre
You needed not to haue trauell'd.
T. Ger. Trueth 's a word,
That should in euery language relish well,
Nor haue I that exceeded.
Wife. Sir, my Husband
Hath tooke much pleasure in your strange discourse
About Ierusalem and the Holy Land;
How the new Citie differs from the old,
What ruines of the Temple yet remayne,
And whether Sion, and those hills about,
With these Adiacent Townes and Villages,
Keepe that proportioned distance as wee read;
And then in Rome, of that great Piramis
Reared in the Front, on foure Lyons Mounted,
How many of those Idoll Temples stand,
First dedicated to their Heathen gods,
Which ruined, which to better vse repayred,
Of their Panthæon, and their Capitoll,
What Structures are demolish't, what remaine.
Wife. And what more pleasure to an old mans eare,
That neuer drew, saue his owne Countries aire,
Then heare such things related. I doe exceed him
In yeeres, I must confesse, Yet he much older
Then I in his experience.
Prud. Master Geraldine,
May I bee bould to aske you but one question,

The

The which I'de be reſolued in.

T. Ger. Any thing, that lies within my knowledge.

Winc. Put him too't,
Doe Siſter, you ſhall finde him (make no doubt)
Moſt pregnant in his anſwere.

Prud. In your trauells
Through France, through Sauoye, and through Italy,
Spaine, and the Empire, Greece and Paleſtine,
Which breedes the choyceſt beauties.

T. Ger. Introath Lady
I neuer caſt on any in thoſe parts
A curious eye of cenſure, ſince my Trauell
Was onely aymed at Language, and to know;
Theſe paſt me but as common obiects did,
Seene, but not much regarded.

Prud. Oh you ſtriue
To expreſſe a moſt vnheard of modeſtie,
And ſeldome found in any Trauellor,
Eſpecially of our Countrey, thereby ſeeking
To make your ſelfe peculiar.

T. Ger. I ſhould be loath
Profeſſe in outward ſhew to be one Man,
And prooue my ſelfe another.

Prud. One thing more,
Were you to marry, You that know theſe clymes,
Their ſtates and their conditions, out of which
Of all theſe countries would you chuſe your wife.

T. Ger. Ile anſwere you in briefe, (as I obſerue)
Each ſeuerall clime for obiect, fare, or vſe,
Affords within it ſelfe, for all of theſe
What is moſt pleaſing to the man there borne;
Spaine, that yeelds ſcant of food, affords the Nation
A parſimonious ſtomach, where our appetites
Are not content but with the large exceſſe
Of a full table; where the pleaſing'ſt fruits
Are found moſt frequent, there they beſt content;
Where plenty flowes, it askes abundant feaſts;
For ſo hath prouident Nature dealt with all;
So in the choyce of Women, the Greeke wantons
Compel'd beneath the Turkiſh ſlauery,

Vaſſaile themſelues to all men, and ſuch beſt
Pleaſe the voluptious, that delight in change;
The French is of one humor, Spaine another,
The hot Italian hee's a ſtraine from both,
All pleaſed with their owne nations, euen the Moore,
Hee thinks the blackeſt the moſt beautifull;
And Lady, ſince you ſo ſtirre taxe my choyce,
Ile thus reſolue you; Being an Engliſh man,
Mong'ſt all theſe Nations I haue ſeene or tri'd,
To pleaſe me beſt, heere would I chuſe my bride.

Pru. And happy were that Lady, in my thoughts,
Whom you would deine that grace too.

Wife. How now Siſter,
This is a faſhion that 's but late come vp,
For maids to court their husbands.

Winc. I would wife
It were no worſe, vpon condition,
They had my helping hand and purſe to boote,
With both in ample meaſure; oh this Gentleman,
I loue, nay almoſt doate on.

Wife. Ya'ue my leaue,
To giue it full expreſsion.

Winc. In theſe armes then,
Oh had my youth bin bleſt with ſuch a ſonne,
To haue made my eſtate to my name hereditary,
I ſhould haue gone contented to my graue,
As to my bed; to death, as to my ſleepe;
But Heauen hath will in all things, once more welcome,
And you ſir, for your friends ſake.

Dal. Would I had in mee,
That which he hath, to haue clam'd it for mine owne,
How euer, I much thanke you. Enter *Clowne.*

Winc. Now ſir, the newes with you.

Clo. Dancing newes ſir,
For the meat ſtands piping hot vpon the dreſſer,
The kitchin 's in a heat, and the Cooke hath ſo beſtir'd himſelfe,
That hee 's in a ſweat. The Iacke plaies Muſicke, and the Spits
Turne round too 't.

Winc. This fellowes my beſt clocke,
Hee ſtill ſtrikes trew to dinner.

Clo.

Clo. And to ſupper too ſir, I know not how the day goes with you, but my ſtomacke hath ſtrucke twelue, I can aſſure you that.

Winc. You take vs vnprouided Gentlemen,
Yet ſomething you ſhall finde and wee would rather
Giue you the entertaine of houſhold gueſts,
Then complement of ſtrangers, I pray enter. *Exeunt. Manet Clo.*

Clo. Ile ſtand too 't, that in good hoſpitality, there can be nothing found that 's ill, he that 's a good houſe-keeper, keepes a good table, a good table, is neuer without good ſtooles, good ſtooles, ſeldome without good gueſts, good gueſts, neuer without good cheere, good cheere, cannot bee without good ſtomackes, good ſtomackes, without good digeſtion, good digeſtion, keepes men in good health, and therefore all good people, that beare good minds, as you loue goodneſſe, be ſure to keepe good meat and drinke in your houſes, and ſo you ſhall be called good men, and nothing can come on 't but good, I warrant you. *Exit.*

Actus Primus. Scena Secundus.

Enter two ſeruing-men Reignald *and* Robin.

Reig. Away you Corndon.

Rob. Shall I bee beate out of my Maſters houſe thus?

Reig. Thy Maſter, wee are Lords amongſt our ſelues,
And heere we Liue and Reigne, Two yeeres already
Are paſt of our great Empire, and wee now
Write, Anno Tertio.

Rob. But the old man liues,
That ſhortly will depoſe you.

Reig. Ith' meane time,
I, as the mighty Lord and Seneſchall
Of this great houſe and caſtle, baniſh thee,
The very ſmell ath' kitchin, bee it death,
To appeare before the dreſſer, *Rob.* And why ſo?

Reig. Becauſe thou ſtink'ſt of garlike, is that breath
Agreeing with our Pallace, where each Roome,
Smells with Muske, Ciuit, and rich Amber-greece,
Alloes, Caſsia, Aromaticke-gummes,
Perfumes, and Pouders, one whoſe very garments
Scent of the fowlds and ſtables, oh fie, fie,
What a baſe naſtie rogue tis.

Rob. Yet your fellow.

Reig. Then let vs put a Cart-Horſe in rich trappings,
And bring him to the Tilt-yard.
Rob. Prancke it; doe,
Waſte, Ryot, and Conſume, Miſpend your Howres
In drunken Surfets, loſe your dayes in ſleepe,
And burne the nights in Reuells, Drinke and Drab,
Keepe Chriſtmaſſe all yeere long, and blot leane Lent
Out of the Calender; all that maſſe of wealth
Got by my Maſters ſweat and thrifty care,
Hauocke in prodigall vſes; Make all flie,
Powr't downe your oylie throats, or ſend it ſmoaking
Out at the tops of chimnies: At his departure,
Was it the old mans charge to haue his windowes
Gliſter all night with Starres? his modeſt Houſe
Turn'd to a common Stewes? his Beds to pallats
Of Luſts and Proſtitutions? his Buttrey hatch
Now made more common then a Tauernes barre,
His Stooles that welcom'd none but ciuill gueſts,
Now onely free for Pandars, Whores and Bawdes,
Strumpets, and ſuch.
Reig. I ſuffer thee too long,
What is to me thy countrey, or to thee
The pleaſure of our Citie? thou haſt Cowes,
Cattell, and Beeues to feed, Oues and Bones,
Theſe that I keepe, and in this paſture graze,
Are dainty Damoſellaes, bonny Girles;
If thou be'ſt borne to Hedge, Ditch, Thraſh and Plough
And I to Reuell, Banquet and Carrowſe;
Thou Peſſant, to the Spade and Pickaxe, I
The Battoone and Steeletto, thinke it onely
Thy ill, my good, our ſeuerall lots are caſt,
And both muſt be contented.
Rob. But when both our ſeruices are queſtioned.
Reig. Looke thou to one,
My anſwere is prouided. Enter *T. Lionell.*
Rob. Farewell Musk-Cat. *Exit.*
Reig. Adue good Cheeſe and Oynons, ſtuffe thy guts
With Specke and Barley-pudding for diſgeſtion,
Drinke Whig and ſowre Milke, whileſt I rince my Throat,
With Burdeaux and Canarie. *T. Lio.* What was hee?

Reig.

Reig. A Spie Sir,
One of their Hindes oth' countrey, that came prying
To see what dainty fare our kitchin yeelds,
What Guests we harbour, and what rule we keepe,
And threats to tell the old man when he comes;
I thinke I sent him packing.
T. Lio. It was well done.
Reig. A whoreson-Iack-an-apes, a base Baboone,
To insinuate in our secrets.
T. Lio. Let such keepe, the Countrey where their charge is.
Reig. So I said Sir.
T. Lio. And visit vs when we command them thence,
Not search into our counsels.
Reig. 'Twere not fit.
T. Lio. Who in my fathers absence should command,
Saue I his only sonne?
Reig. It is but iustice.
T. Lio. For am not I now Lord?
Reig. Dominus fac totum.
And am not I your Steward?
T. Lio. Well remembred,
This night I haue a purpose to bee Merry,
Iouiall and Frollicke, how doth our cash hold out?
Reig. The bag 's still heauy.
T. Lio. Then my heart 's still light.
Reig. I can assure you, yet tis pritty deepe.
Tho scarce a mile to th' bottome.
T. Lio. Let mee haue
to Supper, Let mee see, a Ducke ——
Reig. Sweet Rogue.
T. Lio. A Capon ——
Reig. Geld the Rascall.
T. Lio. Then a Turkey ——
Reig. Now spit him for an Infidell.
T. Lio. Greene Plouer, Snite,
Partridge, Larke, Cocke, and Pheasant.
Reig. Nere a Widgin?
T. Lio. Yes, wait thy selfe at Table.
Reig. Where I hope your selfe will not be absent.
T. Lio. Nor my friends.

Reig.

Reig. Weele haue them then in plenty.

T. Lio. Cauiare, Sturgeon, Anchoues, pickle Oyſters: Yes,
And a Potato Pie; beſides all theſe,
What thou think'ſt rare and coſtly.

Reig. Sir, I know
What 's to be done; the ſtocke that muſt be ſpent,
Is in my hands, and what I haue to doe,
I will doe ſuddenly.

T. Lio. No Butchers meat,
Of that, beware in any caſe.

Reig. I ſtill remember,
Your father was no Grafier, if he were,
This were a way to eate vp all his Fields,
Hedges and all. *T. Lio.* You will be gone ſir.

Reig. Yes, and you are ith' way going. *Exit.*

T. Lio. To what may young men beſt compare themſelues?
Better to what, then to a houſe new built?
The Fabricke ſtrong, the Chambers well contriu'd,
Poliſht within, without, well beautifi'd;
When all that gaze vpon the Edifice,
Doe not alone commend the workemans craft,
But either make it their faire preſident
By which to build another, or at leaſt,
Wiſh there to inhabite: Being ſet to ſale,
In comes a ſlothfull Tenant, with a Family
As laſie and deboſht; Rough tempeſts riſe,
Vntile the roofe, which by their idleneſſe,
Left vnrepaired, the ſtormy ſhowres beat in,
Rot the maine Poſtes and Rafters, ſpoile the Roomes,
Deface the Seelings, and in little ſpace,
Bring it to vtter Ruine, yet the fault,
Not in the Architector that firſt reared it,
But him that ſhould repaire it: So it fares
With vs yong men; Wee are thoſe houſes made,
Our Parents raiſe theſe Structures, the foundation
Laid in our Infancy; and as wee grow
In yeeres, they ſtriue to build vs by degrees,
Story on ſtory higher; vp at height,
They couer vs with Councell, to defend vs
From ſtormes without: they poliſh vs within,

With Learnings, Knowledge, Arts and Diſciplines;
All that is nought and vicious, they ſweepe from vs,
Like Duſt and Cobwebs, and our Roomes concealed,
Hang with the coſtlieſt hangings; Bout the Walls,
Emblems and beautious Symbols pictured round;
But when that laſie Tenant, Loue, ſteps in,
And in his Traine, brings Sloth and Negligence,
Luſt, Diſobedience, and profuſe Exceſſe;
The Thrift with which our fathers tiled our Roofes,
Submits to euery ſtorme and Winters blaſt,
Enter *Blanda* a Whore, and *Scapha* a Bawde.
And yeelding place to euery riotous ſinne,
Giues way without, to ruine what's within:
Such is the ſtate I ſtand in.

Blan. And how doth this Tire become me?

Sca. Rather aske, how your ſweet carriage,
And Court behauiour, doth beſt grace you, for Louers regard,
Not ſo much the outward habit, as that which the garment couers.

Y. Lio. Oh heer's that Haile, Shower, Tempeſt, Storme, and Guſt,
That ſhatter'd hath this building; Let in Luſt,
Intemperance appetite to Vice; withall,
Neglect of euery Goodneſſe; Thus I ſee,
How I am ſincking in mine owne diſeaſe,
Yet can I not abide it.

Bla. And how this Gowne? I prethee view mee well,
And ſpeake with thy beſt Iudgement.

Sca. What doe you talke of Gownes, and Ornaments;
That haue a Beautie, pretious in it ſelfe,
And becomes any thing.

Y. Lio. Let me not liue, but ſhe ſpeaks nought but truth,
And ile for that reward her.

Bla. All's one to mee, become they mee, or not,
Or bee I faire, or fowle, in others eyes,
So I appeare ſo to my Lionell,
Hee is the glaſſe, in whom I iudge my face,
By whom in order, I will dreſſe theſe curles,
And place theſe Iewels, onely to pleaſe him,
Why do'ſt ſmile.

Sca. To heere a Woman, that thinks her ſelfe ſo wiſe, ſpeake ſo fooliſhlie, that knowes well, and does ill.

Bla. Teach me wherein I erre.

Sca. Ile tell thee Daughter; In that thou knoweſt thy ſelfe to bee beloued of ſo many, and ſetleſt thy affection, only vpon one; Doth the Mill grinde onely, when the Wind ſits in one corner? Or Shipps onely Saile, when it 's in this, or that quarter? Is hee a cunning Fencer, that lies but at one Guard? Or he a Skilfull Muſician, that plaies but on one String? Is there but one way to the Wood? And but one Bucket that belongs to the Well? To affect one, and deſpiſe all other, becomes the preciſe Matron, not the Proſtitute; the loyall Wife, not the looſe Wanton: Such haue I beene, as you are now, and ſhould learne, to Saile with all Windes, defend all Blowes, make Muſicke with all Strings, know all the wayes, to the Wood, and like a good trauelling Hackney, learne to drinke of all Waters.

T. Lio. May I miſcarry in my Blandaes loue;
If I that old damnation, doe not ſend
To Hell, before her time.

Bla. I would not haue you Mother, teach me ought,
That tends to iniure him.

Sca. Well looke too 't when 'tis too late, and then repent at leaſure, as I haue done; Thou ſee'ſt, heeres nothing but Prodigallity and Pride, Wantoning, and Waſting, Rioting, and Reuelling, Spoyling, and Spending, Gluttony, and Gormondiſing, all goes to Hauocke, and can this hold out? When he hath nothing left, to helpe himſelfe, how can he Harbour thee? Looke at length, to Drinke from a dry Bottle, and feed from an emptie Knap-ſacke, looke too 't, 'twill come to that.

T. Lio. My parſemony ſhall begin in thee,
And inſtantly, for from this houre, I vow,
That thou no more ſhalt Drinke vpon my coſt,
Nor taſte the ſmalleſt Fragment from my Board;
Ile ſee thee ſtarue ith' ſtreet firſt.

Sca. Liue to one man? a jeaſt, thou may'ſt aſwell, tie thy ſelfe to one Gowne; and what Foole, but will change with the Faſhion, Yes, doe, Confine thy ſelfe to one Garment, and vſe no Varietie, and ſee how ſoone it will Rot, and turne to Raggs.

T. Lio. Thoſe Raggs, be thy Reward; Oh my ſweet Blanda,
Onely for Thee, I wiſh my Father dead,
And neere to Rouſe vs from our Sweet delight;
But for this Hag, this Beldam, ſhee whoſe backe,
Hath made her Items, in my Mercers Bookes,
Whoſe rauenous Guts, I haue Stuft with Delicates,

Nay,

Nay euen to Surfit; And whoſe frozen Blood,
I haue Warmed with Aquauitæ; Be this day
My laſt of Bounty, to a Wretch Ingrate,
But vnto Thee, a new Indenture Sealed,
Of an affection fixt, and Permanent,
Ile loue thee ſtill, bee 't but to giue the lye,
To this old Cancker'd Worme.

Bla. Nay, be not angrie.

Y. Lio. With thee, my Soule ſhall euer be at peace,
But with this loue ſeducer, ſtill at Warre.

Enter Rioter *and two* Gallants.

Sca. Heere me but ſpeake.

Y. Lio. Ope but thy lips againe, it makes a way,
To haue thy Tongue pluck'd out.

Rio. What all in Tempeſt?

Y. Lio. Yes, and the Storme, raiſed by that Witches Spells,
Oh 'tis a Damn'd Inchantreſſe.

Rio. What 's the buſineſſe?

Bla. Onely ſome few words, ſlipt her vnawares,
For my Sake, make her peace.

Rio. You charge me deepely,
Come Friend, will you be Moou'd at womens Words,
A man of your knowne iudgement?

Y. Lio. Had you but heard,
The damn'd Erronious Doctrine that ſhee taught,
You would haue iudg'd her to the Stake.

Bla. But Sweet heart,
Shee now Recants thoſe Errours, once more Number her
Amongſt your Houſhold ſeruants.

Rio. Shall ſhe beg, and be denyed ought from you?

Bla. Come this Kiſſe, Shall end all former quarells.

Rio. 'Tis not poſsible,
Thoſe Lippes ſhould mooue in vaine, that two wayes plead;
Both in their Speech, and Silence.

Y. Lio. You haue preuail'd,
But vpon this Condition, no way elſe,
Ile Senſure her, as ſhee hath Sentenc'd thee;
But with ſome ſmall Inuerſion,

Rio. Speake, how 's that?

Bla. Not too ſeuere, I prethee, ſee poore wretch,
Shee at the barre, ſtands quaking.

T. Lio. Now, hold vp? *Rio.* How man; how?

T. Lio. Her hand, I meane; And now ile ſentence thee,
According to thy Councell giuen to her:
Saile by one Winde; Thou ſhalt, to one tune Sing,
Lie at one Guard, and Play but on one String,
Hencefoorth, I will Confine thee to one Garment,
And that ſhall be a caſt one, Like thy ſelfe
Iuſt, paſt all Wearing, as thou paſt all Vſe,
And not to be renewed, til 't be as Ragged,
As thou art Rotten. *Bla.* Nay ſweet.

T. Lio. That for her Habbit.

Sca. A cold Sute, I haue on 't.

T. Lio. To preuent Surfit,
Thy Diet, ſhall bee to one Diſh confin'd,
And that too Rifled, with as vncleane hands,
As ere were laid on thee. (Drinke.

Sca. What hee ſcants me in Victuals, would he but allow mee in

T. Lio. That ſhall be the refuſe of the Flagons, Iacks,
And Snuffes, ſuch as the naſtieſt Breathes ſhall leaue;
Of Wine, and Strong-water, neuer hope,
Hencefoorth to Smell. *Sca.* Oh me, I faint already.

T. Lio. If I ſniche in my State, of all the reſt,
Be thou excuſed, what thou propoſed to her,
Beldam, is now againſt thy ſelfe decreed,
Drinke from drie ſprings, from empty Knap-ſacks feede.

Sca. No burnt Wine, nor Hot-waters. *She Swounds.*

T. Lio. Take her hence.

Bla. Indeede you are too cruell.

T. Lio. Yes to her,
Onely of purpoſe, to be kind to thee;
Are any of my Gueſts come?

Rio. Feare not Sir,
You will haue a full Table. *T. Lio.* What, and Muſicke?

Rio. Beſt Conſort in the Citie, for fiue parts.

T. Lio. Wee ſhall haue Songs then?

Rio. Bith' eare. *Whiſpers.*

T. Lio. And Wenches? *Rio.* Yes bith' eye.

Bla. Ha, what was that you ſaid?

Rio. We ſhall haue ſuch to beare you company,
As will no doubt content you.

T. Lio.

T. Lio. Enter then :
In Youth there is a Fate, that ſwayes vs ſtill,
To know what 's Good, and yet purſue what 's Ill. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter old Maſter Wincott, *and his* Wife.

Winc. And what 's this Dalamill ?
Wife. My apprehenſion,
Can giue him no more true expreſsion,
Then that he firſt appeares, a Gentleman,
And well conditioned.
Winc. That for outward ſhew :
But what in him haue you obſerued elſe,
To make him better knowne ?
Wife. I haue not Eyes,
To ſearch into the inward Thoughts of Men,
Nor euer was ſtudied in that Art,
To iudge of Mens affection by the face ;
But that which makes me beſt opinion'd of him,
Is, That he 's Companion, and the Friend
Beloued of him, whom you ſo much commend,
The Noble Maſter Geraldine.
Winc. Thou haſt ſpoke,
That which not onely crownes his true deſert,
But now inſtates him in my better thoughts,
Making his Worth, vnqueſtioned.
Wife. Hee pretends
Loue to my ſiſter Pru. I haue obſerv'd him,
Single her out, to priuate conference.
Winc. But I could rather, for her owne ſake, with
Young Geraldine would fixe his thoughts that way,
And ſhee towards him; In ſuch Affinity,
Truſt me, I would not vſe a ſparing hand.
Wife. But Loue in theſe kindes, ſhould not be compel'd,
Forc'd, nor Perſwaded ; When it freely Springs,
And of it ſelfe, takes voluntary Roote,
It Growes, it Spreads, it Ripens, and brings foorth,
Such an Vſurious Crop of timely Fruit,
As crownes a plentious Autume. Enter *Clowne.*

Wine. Such a Harueſt,
I ſhould not be th' vngladdeſt man to ſee,
Of all thy ſiſters friends: Now, whence come you?

Clo. Who, I Sir, From a Lodging of Lardgeſſe, a Houſe of Hoſpitality, and a Pallace of Plenty; Where there 's Feeding like Horſes, and Drinking like Fiſhes; Where for Pints, w'are ſerued in Pottles; and in ſtead of Pottle-pots, in Pailes; in ſtead of Siluer-tanckards, we drinke out of Water-tanckards; Claret runs as freely, as the Cocks; and Canarie, like the Conduits of a Coronation day; Where there 's nothing but Feeding and Frollicking; Carning in Kiſsing; Drinking, and Dauncing; Muſicke and Madding; Fidling and Feaſting.

Wine. And where, I pray thee, are all theſe Reuels kept?

Clo. They may be rather called Reales then Reuells; As I came along by the doore, I was call'd vp amongſt them; Hee-Gallants, and Shee-Gallants, I no ſooner look'd out; but ſaw them out with their Kniues, Slaſhing of Shoulders, Mangling of Legs; and Lanching of Loynes, till there was ſcarce a whole Limbe left amongſt them.

Wine. A fearefull Maſſacre.

Clo. One was Hacking to cut off a Necke, this was Mangling a Breſt, his Knife ſlip from the Shoulder, and onely cut of a Wing, one was picking the Braines out of a Head, another was Knuckle deepe in a Belly, one was Groping for a Liuer, another Searching for the Kidneyes; I ſaw one plucke the Sole from the Body (Gooſe that ſhe was to ſuffer 't) another prickt into the Breaſt with his one Bill, Woodcocke to indure it.

Wife. How fell they out at firſt?

Clo. I know not that, but it ſeemes, one had a Stomacke, and another had a Stomacke; But there was ſuch biting and teating with their teeths, that I am ſure, I ſaw ſome of their poore Carcaſſes pay for 't.

Wine. Did they not ſend for Surgeons?

Clo. Alas no, Surgeons helpe was too late; There was no ſtitching vp of thoſe Wounds, where Limbe was pluckt from Limbe; Nor any Salue for thoſe Scarrs, which all the Plaiſter of Paris cannot Cure.

Wine. Where grew the quarrell firſt?

Clo. It ſeemes it was firſt Broacht in the Kitchin; Certaine creatures being brought in thither, by ſome of the Houſe; The Cooke being a Colloricke fellow, did ſo Towſe them and Toſſe them, ſo Plucke them and Pull them, till hee left them as naked as my Naile, Pinioned ſome of them like Fellons; Cut the Spurres from others of their Heeles,

Heeles; Then downe went his Spits, Some of them he ranne in at the Throat, and out at the Back-ſide; About went his Baſting-Ladle, where he did ſo beſawce them, that many a ſhrode turne they had amongſt them.

Wife. But in all this, How did the Women ſcape?

Clo. They fared beſt, and did the leaſt hurt that I ſaw; But for quietneſſe ſake, were forc'd to ſwallow what is not yet digeſted, yet euery one had their ſhare, and ſhee that had leaſt, I am ſure by this time, hath her belly full.

Winc. And where was all this hauocke kept?

Clo. Marry Sir, at your next neighbours, Young Maſter Lionell, Where there is nothing but Drinking out of Dry-Fats, and Healthing in Halfe-Tubs, his Gueſts are fed by the Belly, and Beggers ſerued at his Gate in Baskets; Hee 's the Adamant of this Age, the Daffadill of theſe dayes, the Prince of Prodigallity, and the very Cæſar of all young Citizens.

Winc. Belike then, 'twas a Maſſacre of meat, not as I apprehended?

Clo. Your grauity hath geſt aright; The chiefeſt that fell in this Battell, were wild Fowle and tame Fowle; Pheſſants were wounded in ſtead of Alfareſſe, and Capons for Captaines, Anchoues ſtood for Antiants, and Cauiare for Corporals, Diſhes were aſſaulted in ſtead of Ditches, and Rabbets were cut to pieces vpon the rebellings, ſome loſt their Legs, whil'ſt other of their wings were forc'd to flie; The Pioner vndermind nothing but Pie-cruſt; And —— (tience;

Wine. Enough, enough, your wit hath plai'd too long vpon our pa-

Wife, it grieues me much both for the yong and old man, the one,
Graces his head with care, endures the parching heat and biting cold,
The terrours of the Lands, and feares at Sea in trauell, onely to gaine
Some competent eſtate to leaue his ſonne;
Whiles all that Merchandiſe, through Gulfes, Croſſe-Tides,
Pirats and Stormes, he brings ſo farre; Th' other
Heere Shipwrackes in the Harbour.

Wife. Tis the care of Fathers; and the weakeneſſe
Incident to youth, that wants experience.

Enter Y. Geraldine, Dallauill, Prudentilla, *laughing.*

Clo. I was at the beginning of the Battell,
But heere comes ſome, that it ſeemes
Were at the rifling of the dead Carcaſſes;
For by their mirth, they haue had part of the Spoile.

Winc.

Wine. You are pleasant, Gentlemen, what I entreat,
Might be the Subiect of your pleasant sport,
It promiseth some pleasure?

Prud. If their recreation
Bee, as I make no question, on truth grounded,
'twill beget sudden laughter.

Wife. What 's the Proiect?

Dal. Who shall relate it.

Wine. Master Geraldine, if there be any thing can please my Eare,
With pleasant soundes, your Tongue must be the Instrument,
On which the String must strike. *Dal.* Bee 't his then.

Prud. Nay heare it, 'tis a good one.

Wife Wee intreat you, Possesse vs och' Nouell,

Wine. Speake, good Sir.

T. Ger. I shall then, with a kind of Barbarisme,
Shaddow a Iest, that askes a smoother Tongue,
For in my poore discourse, I doe protest,
'twill but loose his luster.

Wife You are Modest.

Wine. However speake, I pray; For my sake doo 't?

Clo. This is like a hastie Pudding, longer in eating, then it was in making.

T. Ger. Then thus it was, this Gentleman and I,
Past but iust now, by your next Neighbours house,
Where as they say, dwels one Young Lionell.

Clo. Where I was to night at Supper.

Wine. An vnthrift Youth, his Father now at Sea.

T. Ger. Why that 's the very Subiect, vpon which
It seemes, this Iest is grounded, there this Night,
Was a great feast.

Clo. Why so I told you, Sir.

Wine. Bee thou still dumbe, 'tis hee that I would heare.

T. Ger. In the height of their Carowsing, all their braines,
Warm'd with the heat of Wine; Discourse was offer'd,
Of Ships, and Stormes at Sea; when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildnesse, one conceites
The Roome wherein they quaffe, to be a Pinnace,
Mooving and Floating; and the confused Noise,
To be the murmuring Windes, Gusts, Marriners;
That their vnstedfast Footing, did proceed

From

From rocking of the Veſſell: This conceiu'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to looke out for ſafety, ſlie ſaith one
Vp to the Maine-top, and diſcouer; Hee
Climbes by the bed poſt, to the Teaſter, there
Reports a Turbulent Sea and Tempeſt towards;
And wills them if they'le ſaue their Ship and lines,
To caſt their Lading ouer-board; At this
All fall to Worke, and Hoyſte into the Street,
As to the Sea, What next come to their hand,
Stooles, Tables, Treſtels, Trenchers, Bed-ſteds, Cups,
Pots, Plate, and Glaſſes; Heere a fellow Whiſtles,
They take him for the Boat-ſwaine, one lyes ſtruggling
Vpon the floore, as if he ſwome for life,
A third, takes the Baſe-viol for the the Cock-boate,
Sits in the belly on't, labours and Rowes;
His Oare, the Sticke with which the Fidler plaid;
A fourth, beſtrides his Fellowes, thinking to ſcape
As did Arion, on the Dolphins backe,
Still fumbling on a gitterne.

Clo. Excellent Sport.

Winc. But what was the concluſion?

T. Ger. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the ſpoyle
Caſt from the windowes, went bith' eares about it;
The Conſtable is called to Attone the broyle,
Which done, and hearing ſuch a noiſe within,
Of eminent Ship-racke, enters the houſe, and finds them
In this confuſion, They Adore his ſtaffe,
And thinke it Neptunes Trident, and that hee
Comes with his Tritons, (ſo they cal'd his watch)
To calme the Tempeſt, and appeaſe the Waues;
And at this point, wee left them.

Clo. Come what will, ile ſteale out of Doores,
And ſee the end of it, that's certaine. *Exit.*

Winc. Thanks Maſter Geraldine, for this diſcourſe,
Introath it hath much pleaſed mee, but the night
Begins to grow faſte on vs, for your parte,
You are all young, and you may ſit vp late,
My eyes begin to ſummon mee to ſleepe,

And nothing 's more offensiue vnto Age,
Then to watch long and late.
Y. Ger. Now good Rest with you.
Dal. What saies faire Prudentilla? Maids and Widdows,
And wee young Batchelors, such as indeed
Are forc'd to lie in Solitary beds,
And sleepe without disturbance; wee methinks,
Should desire later houres; when Married Wives,
That in their amorus armes, hug their delights;
To often wakings subiect; their more hast,
May better bee excused.
Prud. How can you,
That are as you confesse, a single man,
Enter so farre into these Misticall secrets
Of Mariage, which as yet you neuer prooued.
Dal. There 's Lady, an instinct innate in man,
Which prompts vs to the apprehensions
Of th 'vses wee were borne to; Such we are
Apteſt to learne; Ambitious most to know,
Of which our chiefe is Marriage.
Prud. What you Men
Most meditate, wee Women seldome dreame of.
Dal. When dreame Maids most? *Prud.* When thinke you?
Dal. When you lie vpon your Backs, come come, your Eare. *Exit*
Y. Ger. Wee now are left alone. *Dal. and Prud.*
Wife. Why say wee be who should be iealous of vs?
This is not first of many hundred Nights,
That wee two haue beene priuate, from the first
Of our acquaintance, when our Tongues but clipt
Our Mothers-tongue, and could not speake it plaine,
Wee knew each other; As in stature, so
Increast our sweet Societie; Since your trauell,
And my late Marriage, Through my Husbands lone,
Mid-night hath beene as Mid-day, and my Bed-chamber,
As free to you, as your owne Fathers house,
And you as welcome too 't.
Y. Ger. I must confesse,
It is in you, your Noble Courtesie,
In him, a more then common confidence,
And in this Age, can scarce find præsident.

Wife.

Wife. Moſt trew, it is withall an Argument,
That both our vertues are ſo deepe impreſt
In his good thoughts, hee knowes we cannot erre.
T. Ger. A villaine were hee, to deceiue ſuch truſt,
Or (were there one) a much worſe Catracter.
Wife. And ſhe no leſſe, whom either Beauty, Youth,
Time, Place, or opportunity could tempt,
To iniure ſuch a Husband.
T. Ger. You deſerue, euen for his ſake, to be for euer young;
And hee for yours, to haue his Youth reuew'd;
So mutuall is your trew coniugall Loue; Yet had the Fates ſo pleaſ'd
Wife. I know your meaning,
It was once voyc'd, that wee two ſhould haue Matcht,
The World ſo thought, and many Tongues ſo ſpake,
But Heauen hath now diſpoſ'd vs otherwayes;
And being as it is, (a thing in me,
Which I proteſt, was neuer wiſht, nor ſought)
Now done, I not repent it.
T. Ger. In thoſe times,
Of all the Treaſures of my Hopes and Loue,
You were th' Exchequer, they were Stor'd in you;
And had not my vnfortunate Trauell croſt them,
They had bin heere reſerued ſtill.
Wife. Troath they had,
I ſhould haue beene your truſty Treaſurer.
T. Ger. Howeuer let vs Loue ſtill, I intreat:
That, Neighbour-hood and breeding will allow;
So much the Lawes Diuine and Humaine both,
Twixt Brother and a Siſter will approue;
Heauen then forbid, that they ſhould limit vs
Wiſh well to one another.
Wife. If they ſhould not,
Wee might proclaime, they were not Charitable,
Which were a deadly ſin but to conceiue.
T. Ger. Will you reſolue me one thing?
Wife. As to one, that in my Boſome hath a ſecond place,
next my deere Husband.
T. Ger. That 's the thing I craue,
And onely that, to haue a place next him.
Wife. Preſume on that already, but perhaps,

You meane to ſtretch it further.
Y. Ger. Onely thus farre,
Your Husbands old, to whom my Soule doth wiſh,
A Neſters age, So much he merits from me;
Yet if (as proofe and Nature daily teach)
Men cannot alwayes liue, eſpecially
Such as are old and Crazed; Hee be cal'd hence,
Fairely, in full maturity of time,
And we two be reſeru'd to after life,
Will you conferre your Widow-hood on mee?
Wife. You aske the thing, I was about to beg;
Your tongue hath ſpake mine owne thoughts.
Y. Ger. Vow to that. *Wife.* As I hope Mercy.
Y. Ger. 'Tis enough, that word
Alone, inſtates me happy; Now ſo pleaſe you,
Wee will diuide, you to your priuate Chamber,
I to find out my friend.
Wife. Nay Maſter Geraldine, one Ceremonie reſts yet vnperform'd,
My Vow is paſt, your oath muſt next proceed,
And as you couet to be ſure of me,
Of you I would be certaine. *Y. Ger.* Make ye doubt?
Wife No doubt; but Loue's ſtill Iealous, and in that
To be excuſed; You then ſhall ſweare by Heauen,
And as in all your future Acts, you hope
To thriue and proſper; As the Day may yeeld
Comfort, or the Night reſt, as you would keepe
Entire, the Honour of your Fathers houſe,
And free your Name from Scandall and Reproach,
By all the Goodneſſe that you hope to enioy,
Or ill to ſhun—— *Y. Ger.* You charge me deeply Lady.
Wife. Till that day come, you ſhall reſerue your ſelfe
A ſingle man; Conuerſe nor company
With any Woman, Contract nor Combine,
With Maid, or Widow; which expected houre,
As I doe wiſh not haſte, ſo when it happens,
It ſhall not come vnwelcome; You here all, Vow this.
Y. Ger. By all that you haue ſaid, I ſweare,
and by this Kiſſe Confirme.
Wife. Y'are now my Brother,
But then, my ſecond Husband. *Exeunt.*

Enter.

Enter Y. Lionell, Rioter, Blanda, Scapha, *two* Gallants, *and two* Wenches, *as newly wak'd from ſleepe.*

Y. Lio. We had a ſtormy night on 't.

Bla. The Wine ſtill workes,
And with the little reſt they haue tooke to night,
They are ſcarce come to themſelues.

Y. Lio. Now 'tis a Calme,
Thankes to thoſe gentle Sea-gods, that haue brought vs
To this ſafe Harbour; Can you tell their names?

Sca. He with the Painted-ſtaffe, I heard you call Neptune.

Y. Lio. The dreadfull god of Seas,
Vpon whoſe backe neere ſtucke March flees.

1. *Gall.* One with the Bill, keepes Neptunes Porpoſes,
So *Ouid* ſayes in 's Metamorphoſis.

2. *Gall.* A third the learned Poets write on,
And as they ſay, His name is Triton.

Y. Lio. Theſe are the Marine gods, to whom my father
In his long voyage prayes too; Cannot they
That brought vs to our Hauen, bury him
In their Abiſſe? For if he ſafe ariue,
I with theſe Sailors, Syrens, and what not,
Am ſure heere to be ſhipwrackt. 1. *Wen.* Stand vp ſtiffe.

Rio. But that the ſhip ſo totters: I ſhall fall.

1. *Wen.* If thou fall, Ile fall with thee.

Rio. Now I ſincke,
And as I dine and drowne, Thus by degrees,
Ile plucke thee to the bottome. *They fall.*

Y. Lio. Amaine for England, See, ſee, *Enter* Reignald.
The Spaniard now ſtrikes Saile. *Reig.* So muſt you all.

1. *Gall.* Whence is your ſhip, from the *Bermoothes*?

Reig. Worſe, I thinke from Hell:
We are all Loſt, Split, Shipwrackt, and vndone,
This place is a meere quick-ſands. 2. *Gall.* So we feared.

Reig. Wher 's my young Maſter?

Y. Lio. Heere man, ſpeake, the Newes?

Reig. The Newes is, I, and you —— *Y. Lio.* What?

Reig. Shee, and all theſe —— *Bla.* I?

Reig. We, and all ours, are in one turbulent Sea
Of Feare, Diſpaire, Diſaſter and miſchance ſwallowed:
Your father, Sir ——

Y. Lio. Why, what of him? *Reig.* He is, Oh I want breath.
Y. Lio. Where? *Reig.* Landed, and at hand.
Y. Lio. Vpon what coaſt? Who ſaw him?
Reig. I, theſe eyes.
Y. Lio. Oh Heauen, what ſhall I doe then?
Reig. Aske ye me what ſhall become of you, that haue not yet
Had time of ſtuddy to diſpoſe my ſelfe;
I ſay againe, I was vpon the Key,
I ſaw him land, and this way bend his courſe;
What drunkard 's this, that can out ſleepe a ſtorme
Which threatens all our ruines? Wake him.
Ela. Ho, Rioter, awake.
Rio. Yes, I am wake;
How dry hath this Salt-water made me; Boy,
Giue me th' other Glaſſe.
Y. Lio. Ariſe, I ſay,
My Fathers come from Sea.
Rio. If he be come, Bid him be gone againe.
Reig. Can you trifle at ſuch a time, when your Inuentions,
Braines, Wits, Plots, Deuices, Stratagems, and all
Should be at one in action? each of you
That loue your ſafeties, lend your helping hands,
Women and all, to take this drunkard hence,
And to beſtow him elſe where.
Bla. Lift for Heauens ſake. *They carry him in.*
Reig. But what am I the neerer, were all theſe
Conuey'd to ſundry places and vnſeene;
The ſtaine of our diſorders ſtill remaine,
Of which, the houſe will witneſſe, and the old man
Muſt finde when he enters; And for theſe *Enter againe.*
I am here left to anſwere: What is he gone?
Y. Lio. But whither? But into th' ſelfe ſame houſe
That harbours him; my Fathers, where we all
Attend from him ſurpriſe all.
Reig. I will make
That Priſon of your feares, your Sanctuary;
Goe get you in together. *Y. Lio.* To this houſe?
Reig. Your Fathers, with your Sweet-heart, theſe and all;
Nay, no more words but doo 't.
Bla. That were to betray vs to his fury.

Reig.

Reig. I haue 't heere,
To Baile you hence at pleasure ; and in th' interim,
Ile make this supposed Goale, to you, as safe
From th' iniur'd old mans iust incensed spleene,
As were you now together ith' Low-Countreyes,
Virginia, or ith' Indies.
Bla. Present feare,
Bids vs to yeeld vnto the faint beliefe
Of the least hoped safety. *Reig.* Will you in?
Omn. By thee we will be counsell'd. *Reig.* Shut them fast.
T. Lio. And thou and I to leaue them? (pany,
Reig. No such thing, for you shall beare your Sweet-heart com-
And helpe to cheere the rest.
T. Lio. And so thou
Meanest to escape alone?
Reig. Rather without,
Ile stand a Champion for you all within; (to.
Will you be swai'd? One thing in any case
I must aduise; The gates boulted and lockt,
See that 'mongst you no liuing voyce be heard;
No not so much as a Dog to howle,
Or Cat to mewe, all silence, that I charge;
As if this were a meere forsaken house,
And none did there inhabite. *T. Lio.* Nothing else?
Reig. And though the old man thunder at the gates
As if he meant to ruine what he had rear'd,
None on their lines to answere.
T. Lio. 'Tis my charge;
Remaines there nothing else?
Reig. Onely the Key; for I must play the goaler for your durance,
To bee the Mercurie in your release.
T. Lio. Me and my hope, I in this Key deliuer
To thy safe trust.
Reig. When you are fast you are safe,
And with this turne 'tis done: What fooles are these,
To trust their ruin'd fortunes to his hands
That hath betrai'd his owne; And make themselues
Prisoner to one deserues to lie for all,
As being cause of all; And yet something prompts me,
Ile stand it at all dangers; And to recompence

The

The many wrongs vnto the yong man done:
Now, if I can doubly delude the old,
My braine, about it then; All 's husht within,
The noise that shall be, I must make without;
And he that part for gaine, and part for wit,
So farre hath trauell'd, striue to foole at home:
Which to effect, Art must with Knauery ioyne,
And smooth Dissembling meet with Impudence;
Ile doe my best, and howsoere it proove,
My praise or shame, 'tis but a seruants loue.

Enter old Lionell *like a ciuill Merchant, with Water-men, and two seruants with Burdens and Caskets.*

Old Lio. Discharge these honest Sailors that haue brought
Our Chests a shore, and pray them haue a care,
Those merchandise be safe we left aboord:
As Heauen hath blest vs with a fortunate Voyage,
In which we bring home riches with our healthes,
So let not vs proove niggards in our store;
See them paid well, and to their full content. *1. Ser.* I shall Sir.

Old Lio. Then returne: These speciall things,
And of most value, weele not trust aboord;
Meethinkes they are not safe till they see home,
And there repose, where we will rest our selues,
And bid farewell to Trauell; for I vow,
After this houre, no more to trust the Seas,
Nor throw mee to such danger.

Reig. I could wish
You had tooke your leaue oth' Land too.

Old Lio. And now it much reioyceth me, to thinke
What a most sudden welcome I shall bring,
both to my Friends and priuate Family.

Reig. Oh, but how much more welcome had he beene,
That had brought certaine tidings of thy death.

Old Lio. But soft, what 's this? my owne gates shut vpon me,
And barre their Master entrance? Whose within there?
How, no man speake, are all asleepe or dead, *Knocks alond.*
That no soule stirres to open?

Reig. What madde man 's that, who weary of his life,
Dares once lay hand on these accursed gates?

Old Lio. Whose that? my seruant Reignald.

Reig.

Reig. My old Maſter,
Moſt glad I am to ſee you; Are you well Sir?
Old Lio. Thou ſeeſt I am.
Reig. But are you ſure you are?
Feele you no change about you? Pray you ſtand off.
Old Lio. What ſtrange and vnexpected greetings this,
That thus a man may knocke at his owne gates,
Beat with his hands and feet, and call thus loud,
And no man giue him entrance?
Reig. Said you Sir;
Did your hand touch that hammer?
Old Lio. Why, whoſe elſe?
Reig. But are you ſure you toucht it?
Old Lio. How elſe, I prethee, could I haue made this noiſe?
Reig. You toucht it then? *Old Lio.* I tell thee yet I did.
Reig. Oh for the loue I beare you,
Oh me moſt miſerable, you, for you owne ſake,
Of all aliue moſt wretched; Did you touch it?
Old Lio. Why, ſay I did?
Reig. You haue then a ſinne committed,
No ſacrifice can expiate to the Dead;
But yet I hope you did not.
Old Lio. 'Tis paſt hope,
The deed is done, and I repent it not.
Reig. You and all yours will doo't. In this one raſhnes,
You haue vndone vs all; Pray be not deſperate,
But firſt thanke Heauen that you haue eſcapt thus well;
Come from the gate, yet further, further yet,
And tempt your fate no more; Command your ſeruants
Giue off and come no neerer, they are ignorant,
And doe not know the danger, therefore pity
That they ſhould periſh in't; 'Tis full ſeuen moneths,
Since any of your houſe durſt once ſet foot
Ouer that threſhold.
Old Lio. Prethee ſpeake the cauſe?
Reig. Firſt looke about, beware that no man heare,
Command theſe to remoue.
Old Lio. Be gone. *Exit* Seruants. Now ſpeake.
Reig. Oh Sir, This houſe is growne Prodigious,
Fatall, Diſaſterous vnto you and yours.

Old. Lio. What Fatall? what Diſaſterous?

Reig. Some Hoſt that hath beene owner of this houſe,
In it his Gueſt hath ſlaine; And we ſuſpect
'Twas he of whom you bought it.

Old Lio. How came this
Diſcouer'd to you firſt?

Reig. Ile tell you Sir,
But further from the gate: Your ſonne one night
Suppt late abroad, I within; Oh that night,
I neuer ſhall forget; Being ſafe got home,
I ſaw him in his chamber laid to reſt;
And after went to mine, and being drowſie,
Forgot by chance, to put the Candle out;
Being dead aſleepe; Your ſonne affrighted, calls
So loud, that I ſoone waken'd; Brought in light,
And found him almoſt drown'd in fearefull ſweat;
Amaz'd to ſee't, I did demand the cauſe:
Who told me, that this murdered Ghoſt appeared,
His body gaſht, and all ore-ſtucke with wounds;
And ſpake to him as followes,

Old Lio. Oh proceed, 'tis that I long to heare.

Reig. I am, quoth he,
A Tranſ-marine by birth, who came well ſtored
With Gold and Iewels, to this fatall houſe;
Where ſeeking ſafety, I encounter'd death:
The couetous Merchant, Land-lord of this rent,
To whom I gaue my life and wealth in charge;
Freely to enioy the one, rob'd me of both:
Heere was my body buried, here my Ghoſt
Muſt euer walke, till that haue Chriſtian right;
Till when, my habitation muſt be here:
Then flie yong man, Remoaue thy family,
And ſeeke ſome ſafer dwelling: For my death,
This manſion is accurſt; 'Tis my poſſeſsion,
Bought at the deere rate of my life and blood,
None enter here, that aymes at his owne good.
And with this charge he vaniſht.

Old Lio. Oh my feare,
Whither wilt thou tranſport me?

Reig. I Intreat keepe further from the gate, and flie.

Old Lio.

Old Lio. Flie whither? Why doeſt not thou flie too?
Reig. What need I feare, the Ghoſt and I am friends.
Old Lio. But Reignald.
Reig. Tuſh, I nothing haue deſerued,
Nor ought tranſgreſt: I came not neere the gate.
Old Lio. To whom was that thou ſpakeſt?
Reig. Was 't you Sir nam'd me?
Now as I liue, I thought the dead man call'd,
To enquire for him that thunder'd at the gate
Which he ſo dearely pai'd for: Are you madd,
To ſtand a fore-ſeene danger? *Old Lio.* What ſhall I doe?
Reig. Couer you head and flie; Leſt looking backe,
You ſpie your owne confuſion.
Old Lio. Why doeſt not thou flie too?
Reig. I tell you Sir,
The Ghoſt and I am friends.
Old Lio. Why didſt thou quake then?
Reig. In feare leſt ſome miſchance may fall on you,
That haue the dead offended, For my part,
The Ghoſt and I am friends: Why flie you not,
Since here you are not ſafe? *Old Lio.* Some bleſt powers guard me.
Reig. Nay Sir, ile not forſake you: I haue got the ſtart;
But ere the goale, 'twill aske both Braine and Art. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter old Maſter Geraldine, Y. Geraldine, *Maſter* Wincott, *and* Wife, Dalamill, Prudentilla.

Winc. We are bound to you, kind Maſter Geraldine,
For this great entertainement; Troath your coſt
Hath much exceeded common neighbour-hood:
You haue feaſted vs like Princes.
Old Ger. This, and more
Many degrees, can neuer counteruaile
The oft and frequent welcomes giuen my ſonne:
You haue tooke him from me quite, and haue I thinke,
Adopted him into your family,
He ſtaies with me ſo ſeldome.
Win. And in this,
By truſting him to me, of whom your ſelfe

May haue both vſe and pleaſure, y'are as kind
As money'd men, that might make benefit
Of what they are poſſeſt, yet to their friends
In need, will lend it gratis.
Wife. And like ſuch,
As are indebted more then they can pay;
Wee more and more confeſſe our ſelues engaged
To you, for your forbearance.
Prud. Yet you ſee,
Like Debtors, ſuch as would not breake their day;
The Treaſure late receiued, wee tender backe,
The which, the longer you can ſpare, you ſtill
The more ſhall binde vs to you.
Old Ger. Moſt kind Ladies,
Worthy you are to borrow, that returne
The Principall, with ſuch large vſe of thanks.
Dal. What ſtrange felicitie theſe Rich men take,
To talke of borrowing, lending, and of vſe;
The vſurers language right.
Wine. Y'aue Maſter Geraldine,
Faire walkes and gardens, I haue praiſed them,
Both to my Wife and Siſter.
Old Ger. You would ſee them,
There's no pleaſure that the Houſe can yeeld,
That can be debar'd from you; prethee Sonne,
Be thou the Vſher to thoſe Mounts and Proſpects
May one day call thee Maſter.
T. Ger. Sir I ſhall; Pleaſe you to walke.
Prud. What Maſter Dalamill,
Will you not beare vs company.
Dal. 'Tis not fit
That wee ſhould leaue our Noble hoſt alone,
Be you my Friends charge, and this old man mine.
Prud. Well, bee't then at your pleaſure. *Exeunt.*

Manet Dalamill *and* Old Geraldine.

Dal. You to your Proſpects, but there's proiect heere
That's of another Nature; Worthy Sir,
I cannot but approue your happineſſe,
To be the Father of ſo braue a Sonne,
So euery way accompliſh't and made vp,

In

In which my voice is leaſt; For I alaſſe,
Beare but a meane part in the common quier,
Wherewith much lowder accents of his praiſe,
So all the world reports him.
Old Ger. Thanke my Starres,
They haue lent me one, who as he alwayes was,
And is my preſent ioy; If their aſpect
Be no wayes to our goods Maleuolent,
May be my Future comfort.
Dal. Yet muſt I hold him happie aboue others,
As one that Solie to himſelfe inioyes
What many others aime at; But in vaine.
Old Ger. How meane you that? *Dal.* So Beautifull a Miſtreſſe.
Old Ger. A Miſtreſſe, ſaid you?
Dal. Yes Sir, or a Friend,
Whether you pleaſe to ſtile her.
Old Ger. Miſtreſſe? Friend?
Pray be more open languag'd.
Dal. And indeed,
Who can blame him to abſent himſelfe from home,
And make his Fathers houſe but as a grange,
For a Beautie ſo Attractiue? Or blame her,
Huging ſo weake an old Man in her armes,
To make a new choice, of an equall youth,
Being in him ſo Perfect? yet introath,
I thinke they both are honeſt.
Old Ger. You haue Sir,
Poſſeſt me with ſuch ſtrange fancies.
Dal. For my part,
How can I loue the perſon of your Sonne,
And not his reputation? His repaire
So often to the Houſe, is voyct by all,
And frequent in the mouthes of the whole Country,
Some equally addicted, praiſe his happineſſe;
But others, more Cenſorious and Auſtere,
Blame and reproone a courſe ſo diſolute;
Each one in generall, pittie the good man,
As one vnfriendly dealt with, yet in my conſcience,
I thinke them truely Honeſt. *Old Ger.* 'Tis ſuſpitious.
Dal. True Sir, at beſt; But what when ſcandalous tongues

Will make the worſt? and what good in it ſelfe,
Sullie and ſtaine by fabulous miſ-report;
For let men liue as charie as they can,
Their liues are often queſtioned; Then no wonder,
If ſuch as giue occaſion of ſuſpition,
Be ſubiect to this ſcandall: What I ſpeake,
Is as a Noble Friend vnto your Sonne;
And therefore, as I glory in his Fame,
I ſuffer in his wrong; for as I liue,
I thinke, they both are honeſt.

Old Ger. Howſoeuer, I wiſh them ſo.

Dal. Some courſe might be deuiſ'd,
To ſtop this clamor ere it grow too wrancke;
Leſt that which yet but inconuenience ſeemes,
May turne to greater miſchiefe; This I ſpeake
In Zeale to both, in ſoueraine care of him
As of a Friend; And tender of her Honour,
As one to whom I hope to be allyed,
By Marriage with her Siſter.

Old Ger. I much thanke you,
For you haue cleerely giuen me light of that,
Till now I neuer dreamt on.

Dal. 'Tis my Loue,
And therefore I intreat you, make not mee
To be the firſt reporter.

Old Ger. You haue done
The office of a Noble Gentleman,
And ſhall not be ſo iniur'd.

Enter againe as from Walking Winc. Wife, Y. Ger. Prud.

Wine. See Maſter Geraldine,
How bold wee are, eſpecially theſe Ladies
Play little better then the theeues with you,
For they haue robb'd your Garden.

Wife. You might Sir,
Better haue term'd it ſaucenes, then theft;
You ſee we bluſh not, what we tooke in priuate,
To weare in publicke view.

Prud. Beſides, theſe cannot
Be miſt out of ſo many; In full fields,
The gleanings are allow'd.

Old Ger.

Old Ger. Theſe and the reſt,
Are Ladies, at your ſeruice.
Wine. Now to horſe,
But one thing ere wee part, I muſt intreat;
In which my Wife will be ioynt ſuter with me,
My Siſter too. *Old Ger.* In what I pray.
Wine. That hee
Which brought vs hither, may but bring vs home;
Your much reſpected Sonne.
Old. Ger. How men are borne,
To woe their owne diſaſters?
Wife But to ſee vs
From whence he brought vs Sir, that 's all.
Old Ger. This ſecond motion makes it Palpable:
To note a Womans cunning; Make her husband
Bawde to her owne laciuious appetite,
And to Solicite his owne ſhame.
Prud. Nay Sir,
When all of vs ioyne in ſo ſmall a ſuit,
It were ſome iniurie to be deni'd.
Old Ger. And worke her Siſter too; What will not woman
To accompliſh her owne ends: But this diſeaſe,
Ile ſeeke to Phiſicke ere it grow too farre:
I am moſt ſorrie to be vrg'd ſweet Friends,
In what at this time I can no wayes grant;
Moſt, that theſe Ladies ſhould be ought deni'd,
To whom I owe all Seruice, but occaſions
Of weighty and important conſequence,
Such as concerne the beſt of my Eſtate,
Call him aſide; excuſe vs both this once,
Preſume this buſineſſe is no ſooner ouer,
But hee 's at his owne freedome.
Wine. 'Twere no manners
In vs to vrge it further, wee will leaue you,
With promiſe Sir, that he ſhall in my will,
Not be the laſt remembred.
Old Ger. Wee are bound to you;
See them to Horſe, and inſtantly returne,
Wee haue Imployments for you. *Y. Ger.* Sir I ſhall,
Dal. Remember your laſt promiſe,

Old Ger. Not to doo 't, I should forget my selfe:
If I finde him false
To such a friend, be sure he forfeits me;
In which to be more punctually resolu'd,
I haue a proiect how to fift his foule,
How 'tis enclin'd; whether to yonder place, *Enter* Y. Geraldine.
The cleare bright Pallace, or blacke Dungeon: See,
They are onward on the way, and hee return'd.

Y. Ger. I now attend your pleasure.

Old Ger. You are growne perfect man, and now you float
Like to a well built Vessell; 'Tweene two Currents,
Vertue and Vice; Take this, you steere to harbour;
Take that, to eminent shipwracke.

Y. Ger. Pray your meaning.

Old Ger. What fathers cares are, you shall never know,
Till you your selfe haue children; Now my studdy,
Is how to make you such, that you in them
May haue a feeling of my loue to you.

Y. Ger. Pray Sir expound your selfe; for I protest
Of all the Languages I yet haue learn'd,
This is to me most forraine.

Old Ger. Then I shall;
I haue liued to see you in your prime of youth
And height of Fortune, so you will but take
Occasion by the forehead; to be briefe,
And cut off all superfluous circumstance,
All the ambition that I ayme at now,
Is but to see you married. *Y. Ger.* Married Sir.

Old. Ger. And to that purpose, I haue found out one,
Whose Youth and Beauty may not onely please
A curious eye; But her immediate meanes,
Able to strengthen a state competent,
Or raise a ruined Fortune.

Y. Ger. Of all which,
I haue beleeue me, neither need nor vse;
My competence best pleasing as it is;
And this my singularity of life,
Most to my mind contenting.

Od Ger. I suspect, but yet must proone him further;
Say to my care I adde a Fathers charge,

And

And couple with my counſell my command;
To that how can you anſwere?

Y. Ger. That I hope:
My duty and obedience ſtill vnblam'd,
Did neuer merit ſuch auſterity;
And from a father neuer yet diſpleas'd.

Old Ger. Nay, then to come more neere vnto the point;
Either you muſt reſolue for preſent marriage,
Or forfeit all your intereſt in my loue.

Y. Ger. Vn-ſay that language, I intreat you Sir,
And doe not ſo oppreſſe me; Or if needs
Your heauy impoſition ſtand in force,
Reſolue me by your counſell; With more ſafety
May I infringe a ſacred vow to heauen,
Or to oppoſe me to your ſtrict command?
Since one of theſe I muſt.

Old Ger. Now Dalauill,
I finde thy words too true.

Y. Ger. For marrie, Sir, I neither may, nor can.

Old Ger. Yet whore you may;
And that 's no breach of any vow to Heauen:
Pollute the Nuptiall bed with Michall ſinne;
Aſperſe the honour of a noble friend;
Forfeit thy reputation, here below,
And th' intereſt that thy Soule might claime aboue,
In yon bleſt City: Theſe you may, and can,
With vntoucht conſcience: Oh, that I ſhould liue
to ſee the hopes that I haue ſtor'd ſo long;
Thus in a moment ruin'd: And the ſtaffe,
On which my old decrepite age ſhould leane;
Before my face thus broken: On which truſting,
I thus abortiuely, before my time,
Fall headlong to my Graue. *Falls on the earth.*

Y. Ger. It yet ſtands ſtrong;
Both to ſupport you vnto future life,
And fairer comfort.

Old Ger. Neuer, neuer ſonne:
For till thou canſt acquit thy ſelfe of ſcandall,
And me of my ſuſpition; Heere, euen heere,
Where I haue meaſur'd out my length of earth;

I ſhall expire my laſt.

Y. Ger. Both theſe I can:
Then riſe Sir, I intreat you; And that innocency,
Which poyſon'd by the breath of Calumnie, caſt you thus low,
Shall, theſe few ſtaines wipt off, with better thoughts ereſt you.

Old Ger. Well, Say on.

Y. Ger. There 's but one fire from which this ſmoake may grow;
Namely, the vnmatcht yoake of youth; And
In which, If euer I occaſion was,
Of the ſmalleſt breach; The greateſt implacable miſchiefe
Adultery can threaten, fall on me;
Of you may I be diſauow'd a ſonne;
And vnto Heauen a ſeruant: For that Lady,
As ſhe is Beauties mirror, ſo I hold her
For Chaſtities examples: From her tongue,
Neuer came language, that ariued my eare,
That euen cenſurious *Cato*, liu'd he now,
Could miſ-interpret; Neuer from her lips,
Came vnchaſte kiſſe; Or from her conſtant eye,
Looke ſauouring of the leaſt immodeſty: Further—— (form'd,

Old Ger. Enough; One onely thing remaines, which on thy part per-
Aſſures firme credit to theſe thy proteſtations.

Y. Ger. Name it then.

Old Ger. Take hence th' occaſion of this common fame;
Which hath already ſpread it ſelfe ſo farre,
To her diſhonour and thy preiudice, From this day forward,
To forbeare the houſe: This doe vpon my bleſsing.

Y. Ger. As I hope it, I will not faile your charge.

Old. Ger. I am ſatisfied. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore an Vſurer and his Man, *at the other*, Old Lionell *with his ſeruant*: *In the midſt* Reignald.

Reig. To which hand ſhall I turne me; Here 's my Maſter
Hath bin to enquire of him that ſould the houſe,
Touching the murder; Here 's an Vſuring-Raſcall,
Of whom we haue borrowed money to ſupply
Our prodigall expences; Broke our day,
And owe him ſtill the Principall and Vſe:
Were I to meet them ſingle, I haue braine
To oppoſe both, and to come off vnſcarr'd;
But if they doe aſſault me, and at once.
Not *Hercules* himſelfe could ſtand that odds:

Therefore

Therefore I muſt encounter them by turnes;
And to my Maſter firſt: Oh Sir, well met.
Old Lio. What Reignald; I but now met with the man,
Of whom I bought yon houſe.
Reig. What, did you Sir?
But did you ſpeake of ought concerning that
Which I laſt told you?
Old Lio. Yes, I told him all.
Reig. Then am I caſt: But I pray tell me Sir,
Did he confeſſe the murder?
Old Lio. No ſuch thing; Moſt ſtiffely he denies it. (ficer
Reig. Impudent wretch; Then ſerue him with a warrant, let the Of-
Bring him before a Iuſtice, you ſhall heare
What I can ſay againſt him; Sfoot deni't:
But I pray Sir excuſe me, yonder 's one
With whom I haue ſome buſineſſe; Stay you here,
And but determine what 's beſt courſe to take,
And note how I will follow't. *Old Lio.* Be briefe then.
Reig. Now, If I can aſwell put off my Vſe-man,
This day, I ſhall be maſter of the field.
Vſu. That ſhould be Lionells man.
Man The ſame, I know him.
Vſu. After ſo many friuolous delaies,
There 's now ſome hope. He that was wont to ſhun vs,
And to abſent himſelfe, accoaſts vs freely;
And with a pleaſant countenance: Well met Reignald,
What 's this money ready?
Reig. Neuer could you
Haue come in better time.
Vſu. Where 's your maſter, yong Lionell, it ſomething troubles me,
That hee ſhould breake his day.
Reig. A word in priuate,
Vſu. Tuſh, Priuate me no priuates, in a word,
Speake, are my moneys ready?
Reig. Not ſo loud.
Vſu. I will be louder yet; Giue me my moneys,
Come, render me my moneys.
Reig. We know you haue a throat, wide as your conſcience;
You need not vſe it now—— Come, get you home.
Vſu. Home?

Reig. Yes, home I say, returne by three a Clocke,
And I will see all cancell'd.
Vsu. 'Tis now past two, and I can stay till three,
Ile make that now my businesse, otherwayes,
With these lowd clamors, I will haunt thee still;
Giue me my Vse, giue me my Principall.
Reig. This burre will still cleaue to me; what, no meanes
To shake him off; I neere was caught till now.
Come come, y'are troubl'some.
Vsu. Preuent that trouble,
And without trifling, pay me downe my cash;
I will be fool'd no longer.
Reig. So so so.
Vsu. I haue beene still put off, from time to time,
And day to day; these are but cheating tricks,
And this is the last minute ile forbeare
Thee, or thy Master: Once againe, I say,
Giue me my Vse, giue me my Principall.
Reig. Pox a this vse, that hath vndone so many;
And now will confound mee.
Old Lio. Hast thou heard this?
Ser. Yes Sir, and to my griefe.
Old Lio. Come hither Reignald.
Reig. Heere Sir; Nay, now I am gone.
Old Lio. What vse is this?
What Principall hee talkes of? in which language
Hee names my Sonne; And thus vpbraideth thee,
What is't you owe this man?
Reig. A trifle Sir,
Pray stop his mouth; And pay't him.
Old Lio. I pay, what?
Reig. If I say pay't him; Pay't him.
Old Lio. What's the Summe?
Reig. A toy, the maine about fiue hundred pounds;
And the vse fiftie.
Old Lio. Call you that a toy?
To what vse was it borrowed? At my departure,
I left my Sonne sufficient in his charge,
With surplus, to defray a large expence,
Without this needs of borrowing.

Reig. 'Tis confeſt,
Yet ſtop his clamorous mouth; And onely ſay,
That you will pay 't to morrow.
Old Lio. I paſſe my word.
Reig. Sir, if I bid you doo 't; Nay, no more words,
But ſay you'le pay 't to morrow.
Old Lio. Ieaſt indeed, but tell me how theſe moneys were beſtowed?
Reig. Safe Sir, I warrant you.
Old Lio. The Summe ſtill ſafe,
Why doe you not then tender it your ſelues?
Reig. Your eare ſir; This ſumme ioyn'd to the reſt,
Your Sonne hath purchaſt Land and Houſes.
Old Lio. Land, do'ſt thou ſay?
Reig. A goodly Houſe, and Gardens.
Old Lio. Now ioy on him,
That whil'ſt his Father Merchandis'd abroad,
Had care to adde to his eſtate at home:
But Reignald, wherefore Houſes?
Reig. Now Lord Sir,
How dull you are; This houſe poſſeſt with ſpirits,
And there no longer ſtay; Would you haue had
Him, vs, and all your other family,
To lie, and lie ith' ſtreets; It had not Sir,
Beene for your reputation.
Old Lio. Bleſsing on him,
That he is growne ſo thiftie.
Vſu. 'Tis ſtrooke three,
My money 's not yet tender'd.
Reig. Pox vpon him,
See him diſcharged, I pray Sir.
Old Lio. Call vpon me
To morrow Friend, as early as thou wilt;
Ile ſee thy debt defraid.
Vſu. It is enough, I haue a true mans word. *Exit. Vſurer and man.*
Old Lio. Now tell me Reignald,
For thou haſt made me proud of my Sonnes thrift;
Where, in what Countrey, doth this faire Houſe ſtand.
Reig. Neuer in all my time, ſo much to ſeeke;
I know not what to anſwere.
Old Lio. Wherefore ſtuddieſt thou?

Vſe men to purchaſe Lands at a deere rate,
And know not where they lie?

Reig. 'Tis not for that;
I onely had forgot his name that ſould them,
'Twas let me ſee, ſee. *Old Lio.* Call thy ſeiſe to minde.

Reig. Non-pluſt or neuer now; Where art thou braine?
O Sir, where was my memory; 'Tis this houſe
That next adioynes to yours,

Old Lio. My Neighbour Ricots.

Reig. The ſame, the ſame Sir; Wee had peniworths in 't;
And I can tell you, haue beene offer'd well
Since, to forſake our bargaine.

Old Lio. As I liue,
I much commend your choice.

Reig. Nay, 'tis well ſeated,
Rough-caſt without, but brauely lined within;
You haue met with few ſuch bargaines.

Old Lio. Prethee knocke,
And call the Maſter, or the ſeruant on 't;
To let me take free view on 't.

Reig. Puzzle againe on Puzzle; One word Sir,
The Houſe is full of Women, no man knowes,
How on the inſtant, they may be imploy'd;
The Roomes may lie vnhanſome; and Maids ſtand
Much on their cleanlineſſe and huſwiferie;
To take them vnprouided, were diſgrace,
'Twere fit they had ſome warning; Now, doe you
Fetch but a warrant, from the Iuſtice Sir;
You vnderſtand mee. *Old Lio.* Yes, I doe.

Reig. To attach him of ſuſpected murder; Ile ſee 't ſeru'd;
Did he deny 't? And in the intrim, I
Will giue them notice, you are now ariu'd,
And long to ſee your purchaſe.

Old Lio. Councell'd well; And meet ſome halfe houre hence.

Reig. This plunge well paſt,
All things fall euen, to Crowne my Braine at laſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dalauill *and a* Gentleman.

Gent. Where ſhall we dine to day?

Dal At th' Ordinarie.
I ſee Sir, you are but a ſtranger heere;

This

This Barnet, is a place of great reſort;
And commonly vpon the Market dayes,
Heere all the Countrey Gentlemen Appoint,
A friendly meeting; Some about affaires
Of Conſequence and Profit; Bargaine, Sale,
And to conferre with Chap-men, ſome for pleaſure,
To match their Horſes; Wager in their Dogs,
Or trie their Hawkes; Some to no other end,
But onely meet good Company, diſcourſe,
Dine, drinke, and ſpend their Money.

Enter Old Geraldine *and* Yong Geraldine.

Gent. That 's the Market, Wee haue to make this day.

Dal. 'Tis a Commoditie, that will be eaſily vented:
What my worthy Friend,
You are happily encounter'd; Oh, y' are growne ſtrange,
To one that much reſpects you; Troath the Houſe
Hath all this time ſeem'd naked without you;
The good Old Man doth neuer ſit to meat,
But next his giuing Thankes, hee ſpeakes of you;
There 's ſcarce a bit, that he at Table taſtes,
That can digeſt without a Geraldine,
You are in his mouth ſo frequent: Hee and Shee
Both wondering, what diſtaſte from one, or either,
So ſuddenly, ſhould alianate a Gueſt,
To them, ſo deerely welcome.

Old Ger. Maſter Dalauill,
Thus much let me for him Apoligie;
Diuers deſignes haue throng'd vpon vs late,
My weakeneſſe was not able to ſupport
Without his helpe; He hath bin much abroad,
At London, or elſe where; Beſides 'tis Terme;
And Lawyers muſt be followed, ſeldome at home,
And ſcarcely then at leaſure.

Dal. I am ſatisfied,
And I would they were ſo too, but I hope Sir,
In this reſtraint, you haue not vs'd my name?

Old Ger. Not, as I liue.

Dal. Y 'are Noble — Who had thought
To haue met with ſuch good Company; Y 'are it ſeeme
But new alighted; Father and Sonne, ere part,

I vow

I vow weele drinke a cup of Sacke together:
Phiſicians ſay, It doth prepare the appetite
And ſtomacke againſt dinner.
Old Ger. Wee old men,
Are apt to take theſe courteſies. *Dal.* What ſay you Friend?
Y. Ger. Ile but enquire for one, at the next Inne,
And inſtantly returne. *Dal.* 'Tis enough. *Exit.*
Enter Beſſe *meeting* Y. Geraldine.
Y. Ger. Beſſe: How do'ſt thou Girle?
Beſſ. Faith we may doe how we liſt for you, you are growne ſo
Great a ſtranger: We are more beholding
To Maſter Dalauill, Hee's a conſtant Gueſt:
And howſoe'e to ſome, that ſhall bee nameleſſe,
His preſence may be gracefull; Yet to others ——
I could ſay ſomewhat.
Y. Ger. Hee's a noble fellow,
And my choice friend.
Beſſ. Come come, he is, what he is; and that the end will proouе.
Y. Ger. And how's all at home?
Nay, weele not part without a glaſſe of wine,
And meet ſo ſeldome: Boy, *Enter* Drawer.
Drawer Anon, anon Sir.
Y. Ger. A Pint of Clarret, quickly. *Exit* Drawer.
Nay, ſit downe: The newes, the newes, I pray thee;
I am ſure, I haue beene much enquir'd of
Thy old Maſter, and thy young Miſtris too.
Beſſ. Euer your name is in my Maſters mouth, and ſometimes too
In hers, when ſhe hath nothing elſe to thinke of:
Well well, I could ſay ſomewhat. *Enter* Drawer.
Drawer Heere's your wine Sir. *Exit.*
Y. Ger. Fill Boy: Here Beſſe, this glaſſe to both their healths:
Why do'ſt weepe my wench?
Beſſ. Nay, nothing Sir. *Y. Ger.* Come, I muſt know.
Beſſ. Introath I loue you Sir,
And euer wiſht you well; You are a Gentleman,
Whom alwayes I reſpected; Know the paſſages
And priuate whiſperings, of the ſecret loue
Betwixt you and my Miſtris; I dare ſweare,
On your part well intended: But —— *Y. Ger.* But what?
Beſſ. You beare the name of Land-lord, but another

Inioyes

Inioyes the rent; You doate vpon the ſhadow,
But another he beares away the ſubſtance.
T. Ger. Bee more plaine.
Beſſ. You hope to inioy a vertuous widdow-hood;
But Dalauill, whom you eſteeme your friend,
Hee keepes the wife in common.
T. Ger. Y'are too blame,
And Beſſe, you make me angry; Hee 's my friend,
And ſhe my ſecond ſelfe; In all their meetings,
I neuer ſaw ſo much as caſt of eye
Once entertain'd betwixt them.
Beſſ. That 's their cunning.
T. Ger. For her; I haue beene with her at all houres,
Both late and early; In her bed-chamber,
And often ſingly vſher'd her abroad:
Now, would ſhe haue bin any mans aliue,
Shee had bin mine; You wrong a worthy Friend,
And a chaſte Miſtris, y'are not a good Girle;
Drinke that, ſpeake better of her, I could chide you,
But I'le forbeare: What you haue raſhly ſpoke,
Shall euer heere be buried.
Beſſ. I am ſorry my freeneſſe ſhould offend you,
But yet know, I am her Chamber-maid.
T. Ger. Play now the Market-maid,
And prethee bout thy buſineſſe.
Beſſ. Well, I ſhall —— that man ſhould be ſo fool'd. *Exit.*
T. Ger. Shee a Proſtitute?
Nay, and to him my troath plight, and my Friend;
As poſsible it is, that Heauen and Earth
Should be in loue together, meet and kiſſe,
And ſo cut off all diſtance: What ſtrange frenſie
Came in this wenches braine, ſo to ſurmiſe?
Were ſhe ſo baſe? his nobleneſſe is ſuch,
He would not entertaine it for my ſake:
Or he ſo bent? His hot and luſt burnt appetite
Would be ſoone quencht, at the meere contemplation
Of her moſt Pious and Religious life.
The Girle was much too blame; Perhaps her Miſtris
Hath ſtirr'd her anger, by ſome word or blow,
Which ſhe would thus reuenge; Not apprehending

At what a high price Honour 's to be rated;
Or elſe ſome one that enuies her rare vertue,
Might hire her thus to brand it; Or, who knowes
But the yong wench may fixe a thought on me;
And to diuert me from her Miſtris loue,
May raiſe this falſe aſperſion? howſoeuer, *Enter* Clo. *with a letter.*
My thoughts on theſe two columnes fixed are,
She 's good as freſh, and purely chaſte as faire.

Clo. Oh Sir, you are the Needle, and if the whole County of Middleſex had bin turn'd to a meere Bottle of Hay, I had bin inioyn'd to haue found you out, or neuer more return'd backe to my old Maſter: There 's a Letter Sir.

T. Ger. I know the hand that ſuperſcrib'd it well;
Stay but till I peruſe it, and from me
Thou ſhalt returne an anſwere.

Clo. I ſhall Sir: This is Market-day, and heere acquaintance commonly meet; and whom haue I encounter'd? my goſsip Pint-pot, and brim full; nay, I meane to drinke with you before I part, and how doth all your worſhipfull kindred? your ſiſter Quart, your pater-Pottle, (who was euer a Gentlemans fellow) and your old grandfier Gallon; they cannot chuſe but be all in health, ſince ſo many healthes haue beene drunke out of them: I could wiſh them all heere, and in no worſe ſtate then I ſee you are in at this preſent; howſoeuer goſsip, ſince I haue met you hand to hand, I'le make bould to drinke to you —— Nay, either you muſt pledge me, or get one to doo 't for you; Doe you open your mouth towards me? well, I know what you would ſay; Heere Roger, to your Maſter and Miſtris, and all our good friends at home; gramercy goſsip, if I ſhould not pledge thee, I were worthy to be turn'd out to Graſſe, and ſtand no more at Liuery? And now in requitall of this courteſie I'le begin one health to you and all your ſociety in the Celler, to Peter Pipe, Harry Hogſhead, Bartholomew Butt, and little maſter Randall Rundlet, to Timothy Taſter, and all your other great and ſmall friends.

T. Ger. Hee writes mee heere,
That at my diſcontinuance hee 's much grieu'd,
Deſiring me, as I haue euer tender'd
Or him or his, to giue him ſatisfaction
Touching my diſcontent, and that in perſon,
By any priuate meeting.

Clo. I Sir, 'tis very true, The Letter ſpeakes no more

Then he wiſht me to tell you by word of mouth.

T. Ger. Thou art then of his councell?

Clo. His Priuy and pleaſe you.

T. Ger. Though neere ſo ſtrict hath bin my fathers charge,
A little I'le diſpenſe with 't, for his loue;
Commend me to thy Maſter, tell him from me,
On Munday night (then will my leaſure ſerue)
I will by Heauens aſsiſtance viſit him.

Clo. On Munday Sir:
That 's as I remember, iuſt the day before Tueſday.

T. Ger. But 'twill be midnight firſt, at which late houre,
Pleaſe him to let the Garden doore ſtand ope,
At that I'le enter; But conditionally,
That neither Wife, Friend, Seruant, no third ſoule
Saue him, and thee to whom he truſts this meſſage,
Know of my comming in, or paſsing out:
When, tell him, I will fully ſatisfie him
Concerning my forc't abſence.

Clo. I am ſomething oblitious; Your meſſage would bee the truelier deliuered if it were ſet downe in blacke and white.

T. Ger. I'le call for Pen and Incke,
And inſtantly diſpatch it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Reignald.

Reig. Now impudence, but ſteele my face this once,
Although I neere bluſh after; Heere 's the houſe;
Ho, whoſe within? What, no man to defend *Enter* Mr. Ricot.
Theſe innocent gates from knocking?

Ric. Whoſe without there?

Reig. One Sir that euer wiſht your worſhips health;
And thoſe few houres I can find time to pray in,
I ſtill remember it.

Ric. Gramercy Reignald,
I loue all thoſe that wiſh it: You are the men
Leade merry liues, Feaſt, Reuell, and Carowſe;
You feele no tedious houres; Time playes with you,
This is your golden age.

Reig. It was, but now Sir,

That Gold is turned to worse then Alcamy,
It will not ſtand the teſt; Thoſe dayes are paſt,
And now our nights come on.

Ric. Tell me Reignald, is he return'd from Sea?

Reig. Yes, to our griefe already, but we feare
Hereafter, it may proove to all our coſt's.

Ric. Suſpects thy Maſter any thing?

Reig. Not yet Sir;
Now my requeſt is, that your worſhip being
So neere a Neighbour, therefore moſt diſturb'd,
Would not be firſt to peach vs.

Ric. Take my word;
With other Neighbours make what peace you can,
I'le not be your accuſer.

Reig. Worſhipfull Sir;
I ſhall be ſtill your Beads-man; Now the buſineſſe
That I was ſent about, the Old Man my Maſter
Claiming ſome intereſt in acquaintance paſt,
Deſires (might it be no way troubleſome)
To take free view of all your Houſe within.

Ric. View of my Houſe? Why 'tis not ſet to Sale,
Nor bill vpon the doore; Looke well vpon 't;
View of my Houſe?

Reig. Nay, be not angry Sir,
Hee no way doth diſable your eſtate;
As farre to buy, as you are louth to ſell;
Some alterations in his owne hee'd make,
And hearing yours by worke-men much commended,
Hee would make that his Preſident.

Ric. What fancies
Should at this age poſſeſſe him; Knowing the coſt,
That hee ſhould dreame of Building.

Reig. 'Tis ſuppos'd,
He hath late found a Wife out for his Sonne;
Now Sir, to haue him neere him, and that neereneſſe
Too, without trouble, though beneath one roofe,
Yet parted in two Families, Hee would build
And make what 's pickt a perfect quadrangle,
Proportioned iuſt with yours, were you ſo pleaſed,
To make it his example.

Ric.

Ric. Willingly; I will but order ſome few things within,
And then attend his comming. *Exit.*
Reig. Moſt kind cox-combe,
Great *Alexander*, and *Agathocles*,
Ceſar, and others, haue bin Fam'd, they ſay,
And magnified for high Facinerous deeds;
Why claime not I, an equall place with them?
Or rather a preſedent: Theſe commanded
Their Subiects, and their ſeruants; I my Maſter,
And euery way his equalls, where I pleaſe,
Lead by the noſe along; They plac'd their burdens
On Horſes, Mules, and Camels; I, old Men
Of ſtrength and wit, loade with my knauerie, *Enter* Old Lionell.
Till both their backs and braines ake; Yet poore animalls,
They neere complaine of waight; Oh are you come Sir?
Old Lio. I made what haſte I could.
Reig. And brought the warrant? *Old Lio.* See heere, I haue 't.
Reig. 'Tis well done, but ſpeake, runs it
Both without Baile and Maineprize?
Old Lio. Nay, it carries both forme and power.
Reig. Then I ſhall warrant him;
I haue bin yonder Sir,
Old Lio. And what ſayes hee?
Reig. Like one that offers you
Free ingreſſe, view and regreſſe, at your pleaſure;
As to his worthy Land-lord. *Old Lio.* Was that all?
Reig. Hee ſpake to me, that I would ſpeake to you,
To ſpeake vnto your Sonne; And then againe,
To ſpeake to him, that he would ſpeake to you;
You would releaſe his Bargaine.
Old Lio. By no meanes,
Men muſt aduiſe before they part with Land,
Not after to repent it; 'Tis moſt iuſt,
That ſuch as hazzard, and diſburſe their Stockes,
Should take all gaines and profits that accrew,
Enter Mr. Rice *againe walking before the gate.*
As well in Sale of Houſes, as in Barter,
And Traficke of all other Merchandize.
Reig. See in acknowledgement of a Tenants duty,
Hee attends you at the gate; Salute him Sir.

Old Lio. My worthy Friend.

Ric. Now as I liue, all my beſt thoughts and wiſhes
Impart with yours, in your ſo ſafe returne;
Your ſeruant tels me, you haue great deſire
To take ſuruiew of this my houſe within.

Old Lio. Bee 't Sir, no trouble to you.

Ric. None, enter bouldly;
With as much freedome, as it were your owne.

Old Lio. As it were mine; Why Reignald, is it not?

Reig. Lord Sir, that in extremity of griefe,
You'le adde vnto vexation; See you not
How ſad hee 's on the ſuddaine, *Old Lio.* I obſerue it.

Reig. To part with that which he hath kept ſo long;
Eſpecially his Inheritance: Now as you loue
Goodneſſe, and Honeſty, torment him not
With the leaſt word of Purchaſe.

Old Lio. Councell'd well;
Thou teacheſt me Humanitie.

Ric. Will you enter?
Or ſhall I call a ſeruant, to conduct you
Through euery Roome and Chamber?

Old Lio. By no meanes;
I feare wee are too much troubleſome of our ſelues.

Reig. See what a goodly Gate? *Old Lio.* It likes me well.

Reig. What braue caru'd poaſts; Who knowes but heere,
In time Sir, you may keepe your Shreualtie;
And I be one och' Seriants.

Old Lio. They are well Caru'd.

Ric. And coſt me a good price Sir; Take your pleaſure.
I haue buſineſſe in the Towne. *Exit.*

Reig. Poore man, I pittie him;
H 'ath not the heart to ſtay and ſee you come,
As 'twere, to take Poſſeſſion; Looke that way Sir.
What goodly faire Baye windowes? *Bayes.*

Old. Lio. Wondrous ſtately.

Reig. And what a Galletie, How coſtly Seeled;
What painting round about?

Old Lio. Euery freſh obiect to good, adds betterneſſe.

Reig. Tarraſt aboue, and how below ſupported; doe they pleaſe you?

Old Lio. All things beyond opinion; Truſt me Reignald,

I'le

I'le not forgoe the Bargaine, for more gaine
Then halfe the price it coſt me.

Reig. If you would? I ſhould not ſuffer you; Was not the
Money due to the Vſurer, tooke vpon good ground,
That proou'd well built vpon? Wee were no fooles
That knew not what wee did.

Old Lio. It ſhall be ſatisfied.

Reig. Pleaſe you to truſt me with't, I'le ſee't diſcharged.

Old Lio. Hee hath my promiſe, and I'le doo't my ſelfe:
Neuer could Sonne haue better pleas'd a Father,
Then in this Purchaſe: Hie thee inſtantly
Vnto my houſe ith' Countrey, giue him notice
Of my arriue, and bid him with all ſpeede
Poaſte hither.

Reig. Ere I ſee the warrant ſeru'd?

Old Lio. It ſhall be thy firſt buſineſſe; For my Soule
Is not at peace, till face to face, I approoue
His Husbandrie, and much commend his Thrift;
Nay, without pauſe, be gone.

Reig. But a ſhort iourney;
For hee's not farre, that I am ſent to ſeeke:
I haue got the ſtart, the beſt part of the Race
is runne already, what remaines, is ſmall,
And tyre now, I ſhould but forfeit all.

Old Lio. Make haſte, I doe intreat thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. This is the Garden gate; And heere am I ſet to ſtand Centinell, and to attend the comming of Young Maſter Geraldine: Maſter Dalauill's gone to his Chamber; My Miſtreſſe to hers; 'Tis now about Mid-night; A Banquet prepared, bottles of Wine in readineſſe, all the whole Houſhold at their reſt; And no creature by this, honeſtly ſtirring, ſauing I and my Old Maſter; Hee in a bye Chamber, prepared of purpoſe for their priuate Meeting; And I heere to play the Watch-

Enter Young Geraldine.

man, againſt my will; Chanelah, Stand; Who goes there?

Y. Ger. A Friend. *Clo.* The Word?

Y. Ger. Honeſt Roger.

Clo. That's the Word indeed; You haue leaue to paſſe freely
Without calling my Corporall.

Y. Ger. How goe the affaires within?

Clo.

Clo. According to promiſe, the buſineſſe is compoſed, and the ſervants diſpoſed, my young Miſtris repoſed, my old Maſter according as you propoſed, attends you if you bee expoſed to give him meeting; Nothing in the way being interpoſed, to tranſpoſe you to the leaſt danger: And this I dare be depoſed, if you will not take my word, as I am honeſt Roger.

Y. Ger. Thy word ſhall be my warrant, but ſecur'd
Moſt in thy Maſters promiſe, on which building;
By this knowne way I enter.

Clo. Nay, by your leave, I that was late but a plaine Centinell,
Will now be your Captaine conducter: Follow me. *Exeunt.*

Table and Stooles ſet out; Lights: a Banquet, Wine.
Enter Maſter Wincott.

Wine. I wonder whence this ſtrangeneſſe ſhould proceed,
Or wherein I, or any of my houſe,
Should be th' occaſion of the leaſt diſtaſte;
Now, as I wiſh him well, it troubles me; *Enter* Clow. *and* Y. Ger.
But now the time growes on, from his owne mouth
To be reſolu'd; And I hope ſatisfied:
Sir, as I liue, of all my friends to me
Moſt wiſhedly, you are welcome: Take that Chaire.
I this: Nay, I intreat no complement;
Attend —— Fill wine.

Clo. Till the mouthes of the bottles yawne directly upon the floore, and the bottomes turne their taylcs up to the ſeeling; Whil'ſt there 's any blood in their bellies, I'le not leaue them.

Wine. I firſt ſalute you thus.

Y. Ger. It could not come
From one whom I more honour; Sir, I thanke you.

Clo. Nay, ſince my Maſter begun it, I'le ſee 't goe rotind
To all three. *Wine.* Now giue vs leaue.

Clo. Talke you by your ſelues, whileſt I find ſomething to ſay to this; I haue a tale to tell him ſhall make his ſtony heart relent. *Exit.*

Y. Ger. Now, firſt Sir, your attention I intreat;
Next, your beliefe, that what I ſpeake is juſt,
Maugre all contradiction.

Wine. Both are granted.

Y. Ger. Then I proteſt; With due acknowledgement
Of all your more then many curteſies:
Y'aue bin my ſecond father, and your wife,

My

My noble and chaſte Miſtris; All your ſeruants
At my command; And this your bounteous Table,
As free and common as my Fathers houſe;
Neither 'gainſt any, or the leaſt of theſe,
Can I commence iuſt quarell.

Winc. What might then be
The cauſe of this conſtraint, in thus abſenting
Your ſelfe from ſuch as loue you?

T. Ger. Out of many,
I will propoſe ſome few: The care I haue
Of your (as yet vnblemiſht) renowne;
The vntoucht honour of your vertuous wife;
And (which I value leaſt, yet dearely too)
My owne faire reputation.

Winc. How can theſe, in any way be queſtioned?

T. Ger. Oh deare Sir,
Bad tongues haue bin too buſie with vs all;
Of which I neuer yet had time to thinke,
But with ſad thoughts and griefes vnſpeakeable:
It hath bin whiſper'd by ſome wicked ones,
But loudly thunder'd in my fathers eares,
By ſome that haue maligh'd our happineſſe;
(Heauen, if it can brooke ſlander, pardon them)
That this my cuſtomary comming hither,
Hath bin to baſe and ſorded purpoſes:
To wrong your bed; Iniure her chaſtity;
And be mine owne vndoer: Which, how falſe?

Winc. As Heauen is true, I know't.

T. Ger. Now this Calumny
Ariuing firſt vnto my fathers eares,
His eaſie nature was induc'd to thinke,
That theſe things might perhaps be poſſible:
I anſwer'd him, as I would doe to Heauen;
And cleer'd my ſelfe in his ſuſpitious thoughts,
As truely, as the high all-knowing Iudge
Shall of theſe ſtaines acquit me; which are meerely
Aſperſions and vntruthes: The good old man
Poſſeſt with my ſincerity, and yet carefull
Of your renowne, her honour, and my fame;
To ſtop the worſt that ſcandall could inflict,

And to preuent falſe rumours, charges me,
The cauſe remoou'd, to take away the effect;
Which onely could be, to forbeare your houſe;
And this vpon his bleſsing: You heare all.

Winc. And I of all acquit you: This your abſence,
With which my loue moſt cauell'd; Orators
In your behalfe. Had ſuch things paſt betwixt you,
Not threats nor chidings could haue driuen you hence:
It pleads in your behalfe, and ſpeakes in hers;
And armes me with a double confidence,
Both of your friendſhip, and her loyalty:
I am happy in you both, and onely doubtfull
Which of you two doth moſt impart my loue:
You ſhall not hence to night.

T. Ger. Pray pardon Sir.

Winc. You are in your lodging.

T. Ger. But my fathers charge.

Winc. My coniuration ſhall diſpence with that;
You may be vp as early as you pleaſe;
But hence to night you ſhall not.

T. Ger. You are powerfull.

Winc. This night, of purpoſe, I haue parted beds,
Fayning my ſelfe not well, to giue you meeting;
Nor can be ought ſuſpected by my Wife,
I haue kept all ſo priuate: Now 'tis late,
I'le ſteale vp to my reſt; But howſoeuer,
Let 's not be ſtrange in our writing, that way dayly
We may conferre without the leaſt ſuſpect,
In ſpight of all ſuch baſe calumnious tongues;
So, Now good-night ſweet friend. *Exit.*

T. Ger. May he that made you
So iuſt and good, ſtill guard you. Not to bed,
So I perhaps might ouer-ſleepe my ſelfe,
And then my tardy wakeing might betray me
To the more early houſhold; Thus as I am,
I'le reſt me on this Pallat; But in vaine,
I finde no ſleepe can faſten on mine eyes,
There are in this diſturbed braine of mine
So many mutinous fancies: This, to me,
Will be a tedious night; How ſhall I ſpend it?

No Booke that I can ſpie? no company?
A little let me recollect my ſelfe;
Oh, what more wiſht company can I find,
Suiting the apt occaſion, time and place;
Then the ſweet contemplation of her Beauty;
And the fruition too, time may produce,
Of what is yet lent out? 'Tis a ſweet Lady,
And euery way accompliſht: Hath meere accident
Brought me thus neere, and I not viſit her?
Should it ariue her eare, perhaps might breed
Our laſting ſeparation; For 'twixt Louers,
No quarrell 's to vnkindneſſe; Sweet opportunity
Offers preuention, and inuites me too 't:
The houſe is knowne to me, the ſtaires and roomes;
The way vnto her chamber frequently
Trodden by me at mid-night, and all houres:
How ioyfull to her would a meeting be,
So ſtrange and vnexpected; Shadowed too
Beneath the vaile of night; I am reſolu'd
To giue her viſitation, in that place
Where we haue paſt deepe vowes, her bed-chamber:
My fiery loue this darkeneſſe makes ſeeme bright,
And and this the path that leades to my delight.

He goes in at one doore, and comes out at another.

And this the gate vnto 't; I'le liſten firſt,
Before too rudely I diſturbe her reſt:
And gentle breathing; Ha? ſhee 's fine awake,
For in the bed two whiſper, and their voyces
Appeare to me vnequall; —— One a womans ——
And hers; —— Th' other ſhould be no maids tongue,
It beares too big a tone; And harke, they laugh;
(Damnation) But liſt further; 'Tother ſounds ——
Like —— 'Tis the ſame falſe periur'd traitor, Dalauill,
To friend and goodneſſe: Vnchaſt impious woman,
Falſe to all faith, and true coningall loue;
There 's met, a Serpent and a Crockadell;
A Synon and a Circe: Oh, to what
May I compare you? —— But my Sword,
I'le act a noble execution,
On two vnmatcht for ſorded villanie: ——

I left it in my Chamber, And thanke Heauen
That I did so; It hath preuented me
From playing a base Hang-man, Sinne securely,
Whilst I, although for many, yet lesse faults,
Striue hourely to repent me; I once loued her,
And was to him intir'd; Although I pardon,
Heauen will find time to punish; I'le not stretch
My iust reuenge so farre, as once by blabbing,
To make your brazen Impudence to blush;
Damne on, reuenge too great; And to suppresse
Your Soules yet lower, without hope to rise,
Heape Ossa vpon Pelion; You haue made mee
To hate my very Countrey, because heere bred:
Neere two such monsters; First I'le leaue this House,
And then my Fathers; Next I'le take my leaue,
Both of this Clime and Nation, Trauell till
Age snow vpon this Head: My passions now
Are vnexpressable, I'le end them thus;
Ill man, bad Woman, your vnheard of mischeife,
This vniust censure, on a Iust man giue,
To seeke out place, where no two such can liue. *Exit.*

Enter Dalavill *in a Night-gowne: Wife in a Night-gowne, as comming from Bed.*

Dal. A happy Morning now beside you Lady,
To equall the content of a sweet Night.

Wife. It hath bin to my wish, and your desire;
And this your comming by pretended leaue
Vnto my Sister Pru. cuts off suspition
Of any such conuerse 'twixt you and mee.

Dal. It hath bin wisely carried.

Wife. One thing troubles me.

Dal. What's that my Dearest?

Wife. Why your Friend Geraldine,
Should on the sudden thus absent himselfe?
Has he had thinke you no intelligence
Of these our priuate meetings.

Dal. No, on my Soule,
For therein hath my braine exceeded yours;
I studdying to engrosse you to my selfe,
Of his continued absence haue bin cause;

Yet

Yet hee of your affection no way iealous,
Or of my Friendſhip——How the plot was caſt,
You at our better leaſure ſhall partake.
The aire growes cold, haue care vnto your health.
Suſpitious eyes are ore vs, that yet ſleepes,
But with the dawne, will open; Sweet aduice you
To your warme Sheets; I now to fill my owne,
That haue this Night bin empty.

Wife. You aduiſe well;
Oh might this Kiſſe dwell euer on thy Lips,
In my remembrance.

Dal. Doubt it not I pray,
Whileſt Day frights Night, and Night purſues the day:
Good morrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Reignald, Y. Lionell, Blanda, Scapha, Rioter, *and two* Gallants, Reig. *with a Key in his hand.*

Reig. Now is the Goale deliuerie; Through this backe gate
Shift for your ſelues; I beene vnpriſon all.

Y. Lio. But tell me, how ſhall we diſpoſe our ſelues?
Wee are as farre to ſeeke now, as at the firſt;
What is it to repreeue vs for few houres,
And now to ſuffer, better had it bin
At firſt, to haue ſtood the triall, ſo by this,
Wee might haue paſt our Penance.

Bla. Sweet Reignald. *Y. Lio.* Honeſt rogue.

Rio. If now thou faileſt vs, then we are loſt for euer.

Reig. This ſame ſweete Reignald, and this honeſt rogue,
Hath bin the Burgeſſe, vnder whoſe protection
You all this while haue liu'd, free from Arreſts,
But now, the Seſſions of my power 's broake vp,
And you expos'd to Actions, Warrants, Writs;
For all the helliſh rabble are broke looſe,
Of Seriants, Sheriffes, and Baliffes. *Omn.* Guard vs Heauen.

Reig. I tell you as it is; Nay, I my ſelfe
That haue bin your Protector, now as ſubiect
To euery varlets Peſtle, for you know
How I am engag'd with you——At whoſe ſuit ſir.

Omn. Why didſt thou Start. *All Start.*

Reig. I was afraid ſome Catchpole ſtood behind me,
To clap me on the Shoulder.

Rio. No such thing; Yet I protest
Thy feare did fright vs all.
Reig. I knew your guilty consciences.
Y. Lio. No Braine left?
Ela. No crotchet for my sake?
Reig. One kisse then Sweete,
Thus shall my crotchets, and your kisses meete.
Y. Lio. Nay, tell vs what to trust too.
Reig. Lodge your selues
In the next Taverne, ther 's the Cash that 's left,
Goe, health it freely for my good successe;
Nay, Drowne it all, let not a Teaster scape
To be consum'd in rot-gut; I haue begun,
And I will stand the period.
Y. Lio. Brauely spoke,
Reig. Or perish in the conflict.
Rio. Worthy Reignald.
Reig. Well, if he now come off well, For you all;
Goe, call for Wine; For singlie of my selfe
I will oppose all danger; But I charge you,
When I shall faint or find my selfe distrest;
If I like braue *Orlando*, winde my Horne,
Make haste vnto my rescew. *Y. Lio.* And die in 't.
Reig. Well hast thou spoke my noble Charlemaine;
With these thy Peeres about thee.
Y. Lio. May good Speede
Attend thee still.
Reig. The end still crownes the deede. *Exeunt.*

Enter Old Lionell, *and the first Owner of the House.*

Own. Sir sir, your threats nor warrants, can fright me;
My honestie and innocency 's knowne
Alwayes to haue bin vnblemisht; Would you could
As well approue your owne Integrity,
As I shall doubtlesse acquit my selfe
Of this surmised murder.
Old Lio. Rather Surrender
The price I paid, and take into thy hands
This haunted mansion, or I'le prosecute
My wrongs, euen to the vtmost of the Law,
Which is no lesse then death.

Own.

Own. I'le anſwere all
Old Lionell, both to thy ſhame and ſcorne;
This for thy Menaces. *Enter the* Clowne.

Clo. This is the Houſe, but where 's the noyſe that was wont to be in 't? I am ſent hither, to deliuer a Noate, to two young Gentlemen that heere keepe Reuell-rout; I remember it, ſince the laſt Maſſacre of Meat that was made in 't; But it ſeemes, that the great Storme that was raiſed then, is chaſt now; I haue other Noates to deliuer, one to Maſter Rycott —— and —— I ſhall thinke on them all in order; My Old Maſter makes a great Feaſt, for the parting of young Maſter Geraldine, who is preſently vpon his departure for Trauell, and the better to grace it, hath inuited many of his Neighbours and Friends; Where will be Old Maſter Geraldine —— his Sonne, and I cannot tell how many; But this is ſtrange, the Gates ſhut vp at this time a day, belike they are all Drunke and laid to ſleepe, if they be, I'le wake them, with a Murraine. *Knockes.*

Old Lio. What deſperate fellowe 's this, that ignorant
Of his owne danger, thunders at theſe Gates?

Clo. Ho, Reignald, Riotous Reignald, Reuelling Reignald.

Old. Lio. What madneſſe doth poſſeſſe thee, honeſt Friend,
To touch that Hammers handle?

Clo. What madneſſe doth poſſeſſe thee, honeſt Friend,
To aske me ſuch a queſtion?

Old Lio. Nay, ſtirre not you?

Own. Not I; The game begins.

Old Lio. How doeſt thou, art thou well?

Clo. Yes very well, I thanke you, how doe you Sir?

Old Lio. No alteration; What change about thee?

Clo. Not ſo much change about me at this time,
As to change you a Shilling into two Teaſters.

Old Lio. Yet I aduiſe thee Fellow, for thy good,
Stand further from the Gate.

Clo. And I aduiſe thee Friend, for thine owne good, ſtand not betwixt mee and the Gate, but giue me leaue to deliuer my errant; Hoe, Reignald, you mad Raſcall.

Old Lio. In vaine thou thunder'ſt at theſe ſilent Doores,
Where no man dwels to anſwere, ſauing Ghoſts,
Furies, and Sprights.

Clo. Ghoſts; Indeed there has bin much walking, in and about the Houſe after Mid-night. *Old Lio.* Strange noyſe oft heard.

Clo. Yes, terrible noiſe, that none of the neighbours could take any reſt for it, I haue heard it my ſelfe.

Old Lio. You heare this; Heere 's more witneſſe.

Own. Very well Sir.

Old Lio. Which you ſhall dearely anſwere—— whooping.

Clo. And hollowing. *Old. Lio.* And ſhouting.

Clo. And crying out, till the whole houſe rung againe.

Old Lio. Which thou haſt heard?

Clo. Oftner then I haue toes and fingers.

Old Lio. Thou wilt be depos'd of this?

Clo. I'le be ſworne too 't, and that 's as good.

Old Lio. Very good ſtill; Yet you are innocent:
Shall I intreat thee friend, to auouch as much
Heere by, to the next Iuſtice.

Clo. I'le take my ſouldiers oath on 't.

Old Lio. A ſouldiers oath, What 's that?

Clo. My corporall oath; And you know Sir, a Corporall is an office belonging to a ſouldier.

Old Lio. Yet you are cleere?
Murder will come to light. *Enter* Robin *the old ſeruing-man.*

Own. So will your gullery too.

Rob. They ſay my old Maſter 's come home; I'le ſee if hee will turne me out of doores, as the young man has done: I haue laid rods in piſſe for ſome-body, ſcape Reignald as hee can, and with more freedome then I duſt late, I bouldly now dare knocke. *Robin knocks.*

Old Lio. More mad-men yet; I thinke ſince my laſt voyage,
Halfe of the world 's turn'd frantickе: What do'ſt meane,
Or long'ſt thou to be blaſted?

Rob. Oh Sir, you are welcome home; 'Twas time to come
Ere all was gone to hauocke.

Old Lio. My old ſeruant? before I ſhall demand of further buſineſſe,
Reſolue me why thou thunder'ſt at theſe doores,
Where thou know'ſt none inhabits?

Rob. Are they gone Sir?
'Twas well yet they haue left the houſe behind;
For all the furniture, to a bare bench,
I am ſure is ſpent and waſted.

Old Lio. Where 's my ſonne,
That Reignald poaſting for him with ſuch ſpeed,
Brings him not from the Countrey?

Rob.

Rob. Countrey Sir?
'Tis a thing they know not; Heere they Feast,
Dice, Drinke, and Drab; The company they keepe,
Cheaters and Roaring-Ladds, and these attended
By Bawdes and Queanes: Your sonne hath got a Strumpet,
On whom he spends all that your sparing left,
And heere they keepe court; To whose damn'd abuses,
Reignald giues all encouragement.
Old Lio. But stay stay;
No liuing soule hath for these sixe moneths space
Heere enter'd, but the house stood desolate.
Rob. Last weeke I am sure, so late, and th' other day,
Such Reuells were here kept.
Old Lio. And by my sonne?
Rob. Yes, and his seruant Reignald.
Old Lio. And this house at all not haunted?
Rob. Saue Sir with such Sprights. *Enter* Master Ricott.
Own. This Murder will come out.
Old Lio. But see, in happy time heere comes my
Neighbour of whom he bought this mansion; He I am sure
More amply can resolue me: I pray Sir,
What summes of moneys haue you late receiued
Of my young sonne?
Ric. Of him? None I assure you.
Old Lio. What of my seruant Reignald?
Ric. But deuise
What to call lesse then nothing, and that summe
I will confesse receiu'd.
Old Lio. Pray Sir, be serious;
I doe confesse my selfe indebted to you,
A hundred pound.
Ric. You may doe well to pay't then, for heere's witnesse
Sufficient of your words.
Old. Lio. I speake no more then what I purpose; Iust so much I owe you,
And ere I sleepe will tender.
Ric. I shall be as ready to receiue it, and as willing,
As you can bee to pay't.
Old Lio. But prouided,
You will confesse seuen hundred pounds receiued
Before hand of my sonne?

Ric. But by your fauour;
Why ſhould I yeeld ſeuen hundred receiu'd
Of them I neuer dealt with? Why? For what?
What reaſon? What condition? Where or when
Should ſuch a ſumme be paid mee?

Old Lio. Why? For this bargaine: And for what? This houſe:
Reaſon? Becauſe you ſold it: The conditions? Such
As were agreed betweene you: Where and When?
That onely hath eſcapt me.

Ric. Madneſſe all.

Old Lio. Was I not brought to take free view thereof,
As of mine owne poſſeſſion?

Ric. I confeſſe;
Your ſeruant told me you had found out a wife
Fit for your ſonne, and that you meant to build;
Deſir'd to take a friendly view of mine,
To make it your example: But for ſelling,
I tell you Sir, my wants be not ſo great,
To change my houſe to Coyne.

Old Lio. Spare Sir your anger,
And turne it into pity; Neighbours and friends,
I am quite loſt, was neuer man ſo fool'd,
And by a wicked ſeruant; Shame and blnſhing
Will not permit to tell the manner how,
Leſt I be made ridiculous to all:
My feares are to inherit what 's yet left;
He hath made my ſonne away.

Rob. That 's my feare too.

Old Lio. Friends, as you would commiſerate a man
Deprin'd at once, both of his wealth and ſonne;
And in his age, by one I euer tender'd
More like a ſonne then ſeruant: By imagining
My caſe were yours, haue feeling of my griefes
And helpe to apprehend him;
Furniſh me with Cords and Fetters,
I will lay him ſafe in Priſon within Priſon.

Ric. Weele aſſiſt you.

Rob. And I.

Clo. And all;
But not to doe the leaſt hurt to my old friend Reignald.

Old Lio.

Old Lio. His Leggs will be as nimble as his Braine,
And 'twill be difficult to ſeaze the ſlaue,
Enter Reignald *with a Horne in his pocket: they withdraw behind the Arras.*
Yet your endeauours, pray peace, heere hee comes.
Reig. My heart miſ-giues, for 'tis not poſsible
But that in all theſe windings and indents
I ſhall be found at laſt: I'le take that courſe
That men both troubled and affrighted doe,
Heape doubt on doubt, and as combuſtions riſe,
Try if from many I can make my peace,
And worke mine owne atonement.
Old Lio. Stand you cloſe,
Be not yet ſeene, but at your beſt aduantage
Hand him, and bind him faſt: Whil'ſt I diſſemble
As if I yet knew nothing.
Reig. I ſuſpect
And find there 's trouble in my Maſters lookes;
Therefore I muſt not truſt my ſelfe too farre
Within his fingers.
Old Lio. Reignald? *Reig.* Worſhipfull Sir.
Old Lio. What ſayes my ſonne ith' Countrey?
Reig. That to morrow,
Early ith' morning, heele attend your pleaſure,
And doe as all ſuch dutious children ought;
Demand your bleſsing Sir. *Old Lio.* Well, 'tis well.
Reig. I doe not like his countenance.
Old Lio. But Reignald? I ſuſpect the honeſty
And the good meaning of my neighbour heere,
Old maſter Ricott; Meeting him but now,
And hauing ſome diſcourſe about the houſe,
He makes all ſtrange, and tells me in plaine termes,
Hee knowes of no ſuch matter.
Reig. Tell mee that Sir?
Old Lio. I tell thee as it is:
Nor that ſuch moneys, tooke vp at vſe, were euer tender'd him
On any ſuch conditions.
Reig. I cannot blame your worſhip to bee pleaſant,
Knowing at what an vnder-rate we bought it, but you euer
Were a moſt merry Gentleman.

Y. Lio. (Impudent slaue)
But Reignald, hee not onely doth denie it,
But offers to depose Himselfe and Seruants,
No such thing euer was.

Reig. Now Heauen, to see to what this world 's growne too.
I will make him——

Old Lio. Nay more, this man will not confesse the Murder.

Reig. Which both shall deerely answere; You haue warrant
For him already; But for the other Sir,
If hee denie it, he had better——

Old Lio. Appeare Gentlemen. *Softly.*
'Tis a fit time to take him.

Reig. I discouer the Ambush that 's laid for me.

Old Lio. Come neerer Reignald.

Reig. First sir resolue me one thing, amongst other Merchandize
Bought in your absence by your Sonne and me,
Wee ingrost a great comoditie of Combes,
And how many sorts thinke you?

Old Lio. You might buy
Some of the bones of Fishes, some of Beasts,
Box-combes, and Iuory-combes.

Reig. But besides these, we haue for Horses Sir,
Mayne-combes, and Curry-combes; Now Sir for men,
Wee haue Head-combes, Beard-combes, and Cox-combes too;
Take view of them at your pleasure, what 's for my part,
I thus bestow my selfe.

They all appeare with Cords and Shackels, whilest hee goes vp.

Clo. Well said Reignald, nobly put off Reignald,
Looke to thy selfe Reignald.

Old Lio. Why dost thou climbe thus?

Reig. Onely to practise
The nimblenesse of my Armes and Legges,
Ere they proone your Cords and Fetters.

Old Lio. Why to that place?

Reig. Why? because Sir 'tis your owne House, it hath bin my Harbour long, and now it must bee my Sanctuary; Dispose now, and I'le answere.

Own. Villaine, what damnish meaning had'st thou in 't,
To challenge me of Murder?

Reig. Oh sir, the man you kil'd is alive at this present to iustifie it: I am, quoth he, a Trans-marine by birth——

Ric. Why, challenge me receipt of Moneys, and to giue abroad, That I had sold my House?

Reig. Why? because sir,
Could I haue purchast Houses at that rate,
I had meant to haue bought all London.

Clo. Yes, and Middlesex too, and I would haue bin thy halfe Reignald.

Old Lio. Yours are great,
My wrongs insufferable; As first, to fright mee
From mine owne dwelling, till they had consumed
The whole remainder of the little left;
Besides, out of my late stocke got at Sea,
Discharge the clamorous Vsurer; Make me accuse
This man of Murder; Be at charge of warrants;
And challenging this my worthy Neighbour of
Forswearing Summes hee neuer yet receiued;
Foole mee, to thinke my Sonne that had spent all,
Had by his thrift bought Land; I and him too,
To open all the secrets of his House
To mee, a Stranger, Oh thou insolent villaine,
What to all these canst answere? *Reig.* Guiltie, guiltie.

Old Lio. But to my Sonnes death, what thou slane?

Reig. Not Guiltie.

Old Lio. Produce him then; Ith' meane time, and ——
Honest Friends, get Ladders.

Reig. Yes, and come downe in your owne Ropes.

Own. I'le fetch a Peece and shoote him.

Reig. So the warrant in my Masters pocket, will serue for my Murder; And euer after shall my Ghost haunt this House.

Clo. And I will say like Reignald,
This Ghost and I am Friends.

Old Lio. Bring faggots, I'le set fire vpon the House,
Rather then this indure.

Reig. To burne Houses is Felony, and I'le not out
Till I be fir'd out; But since I am Besieged thus,
I'le summon supplies vnto my Rescue.

Hee windes a Horne. Enter Young Lionell, Rioter, *two* Gallants Blanda, &c.

Y. Lio. Before you chide, first heere mee, next your Blessing,

That on my knees I begge; I haue but done,
Like miſ-ſpent youth, which after wit deere bought,
Turnes his Eyes inward, ſorrie and aſhamed;
Theſe things in which I haue offended moſt,
Had I not prooued, I ſhould haue thought them ſtill
Eſſentiall things, delights perdureable;
Which now I find meere Shaddowes, Toyes and Dreames,
Now hated more then earſt I doated on;
Beſt Natures, are ſooneſt wrought on; Such was mine;
As I the offences, So the offendors throw
Heere at your feete, to puniſh as you pleaſe;
You haue but paid ſo much as I haue waſted,
To purchaſe to your ſelfe a thrifty Sonne;
Which I from henceforth, Vow.

Old Lio. See what Fathers are,
That can three yeeres offences, fowle ones too,
Thus in a Minute pardon; And thy faults
Vpon my ſelfe chaſtiſe, in theſe my Teares;
Ere this Submiſsion, I had caſt thee off;
Riſe in my new Adoption: But for theſe——

Clo. The one you haue nothing to doe withall, here's his Ticket for his diſcharge; Another for you Sir, to Summon you to my Maſters Feaſt, For you, and you, where I charge you all to appeare, vpon his diſpleaſure, and your owne apperils.

T. Lio. This is my Friend, the other one I loued,
Onely becauſe they haue bin deere to him
That now will ſtriue to be more deere to you;
Vouchſafe their pardon.

Old Lio. All deere, to me indeed, for I haue payd for 't foundly,
Yet for thy ſake, I am attond with all; Onely that wanton,
Her, and her Company, abandon quite;
So doing, wee are friends.

T. Lio. A iuſt Condition, and willingly ſubſcrib'd to.

Old Lio. But for that Villaine; I am now deuiſing
What ſhame, what puniſhment remarkable,
To inflict on him.

Reig. Why Maſter? Haue I laboured;
Plotted, Contriued, and all this while for you,
And will you leaue me to the Whip and Stockes;
Not mediate my peace. *Old Lio.* Sirra, come downe.

Reig.

Reig. Not till my Pardon 's ſealed, I'le rather ſtand heere
Like a Statue, in the Fore-front of your houſe
For euer; Like the picture of Dame Fortune
Before the Fortune Play-houſe.
Y. Lio. If I haue heere
But any Friend amongſt you, ioyne with mee
In this petition.
Clo. Good Sir, for my ſake, I reſolued you truely
Concerning Whooping, the Noyſe, the Walking; and the Spright,
And for a need, can ſhew you a Ticket for him too.
Own. I impute my wrongs rather to knauiſh Cunning,
Then leaſt pretended Malice.
Ric. What he did,
Was but for his Young Maſter, I allow it
Rather as ſports of Wit, then iniuries;
No other pray eſteeme them.
Old Lio. Euen as freely,
As you forget my quarells made with you;
Rais'd from the Errours firſt begot by him;
I heere remit all free; I now am Calme,
But had I ſeaz'd vpon him in my Spleene ——
Reig. I knew that, therefore this was my Inuention,
For Pollicie 's the art ſtill of Preuention.
Clo. Come downe then Reignald, firſt on your hands and feete, and then on your knees to your Maſter; Now Gentlemen, what doe you ſay to your inuiting to my Maſters Feaſt.
Ric. Wee will attend him.
Old Lio. Nor doe I loue to breake good company;
For Maſter Wincott is my worthy Friend, *Enter* Reignald.
And old acquaintance; Oh thou crafty Wag-ſtring,
And could'ſt thou thus delude me? But we are Friends;
Nor Gentlemen, let not what 's heere to paſt,
In your leaſt thoughts diſable my Eſtate;
This my laſt Voyage hath made all things good,
With ſurplus too; Be that your comfort Sonne:
Well Reignald —— But no more.
Reig. I was the Fox,
But I from henceforth, will no more the Cox——
Combe, put vpon your pate.
Old. Lio. Let 's walke Gentlemen *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Old Geraldine, *and* Young Geraldine.

Old Ger. Sonne, let me tell you, you are ill aduiſed;
And doubly to be blam'd, by vndertaking
Vnneceſſary trauell; Grounding no reaſon
For ſuch a raſh and giddy enterpriſe:
What profit aime you at, you haue not reapt;
What Nouelty affoords the Chriſtian world,
Of which your view hath not participated
In a full meaſure; Can you either better
Your language or experience? Your ſelfe-will
Hath onely purpoſe to deprriue a father
Of a loued ſonne, and many noble friends,
Of your much wiſht aequaintance.

Y. Ger. Oh, deare Sir,
Doe not, I doe intreat you, now repent you
Of your free grant; Which with ſuch care and ſtuddy,
I haue ſo long, ſo often laboured for.

Old. Ger. Say that may be diſpens'd with, ſhew me reaſon
Why you deſire to ſteale out of your Country,
Like ſome Malefactor that had forfeited
His life and freedome; Heere 's a worthy Gentleman
Hath for your ſake inuited many gueſts,
To his great charge, onely to take of you
A parting leaue; You ſend him word you cannot,
After, you may not come: Had not my vrgence,
Almoſt compulſion, driuen you to his houſe,
Th 'vnkindneſſe might haue forfeited your loue,
And raced you from his will; In which he hath giuen you;
A faire and large eſtate; Yet you of all this ſtrangeneſſe,
Show no ſufficient ground.

Y. Ger. Then vnderſtand;
The ground thereof tooke his firſt birth from you;
'Twas you firſt charg'd me to forbeare the houſe,
And that vpon your bleſsing: Let it not then
Offend you Sir, if I ſo great a charge
Haue ſtriu'd to keepe ſo ſtrictly.

Old Ger. Mee perhaps,

You

You may appeaſe, and with ſmall difficulty,
Becauſe a Father; But how ſatisfie
Their deare, and on your part, vnmerited loue?
But this your laſt obedience may ſalue all:
Wee now grow neere the houſe.

T. Ger. Whoſe doores, to mee,
Appeare as horrid as the gates of Hell:
Where ſhall I borrow patience, or from whence?

Enter Wincott, Wife, Ricott, *the two* Lionells, Owner, Dalauill, Prudentilla, Reignald, Rioter.

To giue a meeting to this viperous brood,
Of Friend and Miſtris.

Winc. Y'aue entertain'd me with a ſtrange diſcourſe
Of your mans knauiſh wit, but I reioyce,
That in your ſafe returne, all ends ſo well:
Moſt welcome you, and you, and indeed all;
To whom I am bound, that at ſo ſhort a warning,
Thus friendly, you will deigne to viſit me.

Old Lio. It ſeemes my abſence hath beget ſome ſport,
Thanke my kind ſeruant heere.

Reig. Not ſo much worth Sir.

Old Lio. But though their riots tript at my eſtate,
They haue not quite ore-throwne it.

Wife. But ſee Gentlemen, theſe whom we moſt expected,
come at length; This I proclaime the maſter of the Feaſt,
In which to expreſſe the bounty of my loue,
I'le ſhew my ſelfe no niggard.

T. Ger. Your choiſe fauours,
I ſtill taſte in abundance.

Wife Methinks it would not miſ-become me Sir,
To chide your abſence; That haue made your ſelfe,
To vs, ſo long a ſtranger.

Hee turnes away ſad, as not being minded.

T. Ger. Pardon mee Sir,
That haue not yet, ſince your returne from Sea,
Voted the leaſt fit opportunity,
To entertaine you with a kind ſalute.

Old Lio. Moſt kindly Sir I thanke you.

Dal. Methinks friend,
You ſhould expect greene ruſhes to be ſtrow'd,

After ſuch diſcontinuance.

Y. Ger. Miſtris Pru,
I haue not ſeene you long, but greet you thus.
May you be Lady of a better husband
Then I expect a wife.

Wine. I like that greeting:
Nay, enter Gentlemen; Dinner perhaps
Is not yet ready, but the time we ſtay,
Weele find ſome freſh diſcourſe to ſpend away. *Exeunt.*

Manet Dalmill.

Dal. Not ſpeake to me? nor once vouchſafe an anſwere,
But ſleight me with a poore and baſe neglect?
No, nor ſo much as caſt an eye on her,
Or leaſt regard, though in a ſeeming ſhew
Shee courted a reply? 'twixt him and her,
Nay him and mee, this was not wont to be;
If ſhe haue braine to apprehend as much
Enter Young Geraldine *and* Wife.
As I haue done, ſheele quickly find it out:
Now as I liue, as our affections meete,
So our conceits, and ſhee hath ſingled him
To ſome ſuch purpoſe: I'le retire my ſelfe,
Not interrupt their conference. *Exit.*

Wife You are ſad Sir.

Y. Ger. I know no cauſe.

Wife Then can I ſhew you ſome;
Who could be otherwayes, to leaue a Father
So carefull, and each way ſo prouident?
To leaue ſo many, and ſuch worthy Friends?
To abandon your owne countrey? Theſe are ſome,
Nor doe I thinke you can be much the merrier
For my ſake?

Y. Ger. Now your tongue ſpeakes Oracles;
For all the reſt are nothing, 'tis for you,
Onely for you I cannot.

Wife So I thought;
Why then haue you bin all this while ſo ſtrange?
Why will you trauell? ſuing a diuorce
Betwixt vs, of a loue inſeperable;
For heere ſhall I be left as deſolate

Vnto

Vnto a frozen, almost widdowed bed;
Warm'd onely in that future, stor'd in you;
For who can in your absence comfort me?
Y. Ger. Shall my oppressed sufferance yet breake foorth
Into impatience, or endure her more?
Wife But since by no perswasion, no intreats,
Your setled obstinacy can be riv'd,
Though you seeme desperate of your owne deare life,
Haue care of mine, for it exists in you.
Oh Sir, should you miscarry I were lost,
Lost and forsaken; Then by our past vowes,
And by this hand once giuen mee, by these teares,
Which are but springs begetting greater floods,
I doe beseech thee, my deere Geraldine,
Looke to thy safety, and preserue thy health;
Haue care into what company you fall;
Trauell not late, and crosse no dangerous Seas;
For till Heauens blesse me in thy safe returne,
How will this poore heart suffer?
Y. Ger. I had thought
Long since the Syrens had bin all destroy'd;
But one of them I find suruiues in her;
Shee almost makes me question what I know,
An Hereticke vnto my owne beliefe:
Oh thou mankinds seducer.
Wife What? no answere?
Y. Ger. Yes, thou hast spoke to me in Showres,
I will reply in Thunder; Thou Adultresse,
That hast more poyson in thee then the Serpent,
Who was the first that did corrupt thy sex,
The Deuill.
Wife To whom speakes the man?
Y. Ger. To thee, falsest of all that euer man term'd faire;
Hath Impudence so stool'd thy smooth soft skin,
It cannot blush? Or sinne so obdur'd thy heart,
It doth not quake and tremble? Search thy conscience,
There thou shalt find a thousand clamorous tongues
To speake as loud as mine doth.
Wife. Saue from yours,
I heare no noise at all.

Y. Ger. I'le play the Doctor
To open thy deafe eares; Munday the Ninth
Of the laſt Moneth; Canſt thou remember that?
That Night more blacke in thy abhorred ſinne,
Then in the gloomie darkneſſe; That the time.
Wife. Munday?
Y. Ger. Wouldeſt thou the place know? Thy polluted Chamber,
So often witneſſe of my ſin-leſſe vowes;
Wouldeſt thou the Perſon? One not worthy Name,
Yet to torment thy guilty Soule the more,
I'le tell him thee, That Monſter Dalauill;
Wouldeſt thou your Bawd know? Mid-night, that the houre;
The very words thou ſpake? Now what would Geraldine
Say, if he ſaw vs heere? To which was anſwered,
Tuſh hee 's a Cox-combe, fit to be ſo fool'd:
No bluſh? What, no faint Feauer on thee yet?
How hath thy blacke ſins chang'd thee? Thou *Meduſa*,
Thoſe Haires that late appeared like golden Wyers,
Now crawle with Snakes and Adders; Thou art vgly.
Wife. And yet my glaſſe, till now, neere told me ſo;
Who gaue you this intelligence?
Y. Ger. Onely hee,
That pitying ſuch an Innocencie as mine,
Should by two ſuch delinquents bee betray'd,
Hee brought me to that place by mirracle;
And made me an eare witneſſe of all this.
Wife. I am vndone.
Y. Ger. But thinke what thou haſt loſt
To forfeit mee; I not withſtanding theſe,
(So fixt was my loue and vnmoueable)
I kept this from thy Husband, nay all eares,
With thy tranſgreſſions ſmothering mine owne wrongs,
In hope of thy Repentance.
Wife. Which begins thus low vpon my knees.
Y. Ger. Tuſh, bow to Heauen,
Which thou haſt moſt offended; Alas,
Saue in ſuch (Scarce vnheard of) Treacherie,
Moſt ſinfull like thy ſelfe;
Wherein, Oh wherein, hath my vnſpotted and vnbounded Loue
deſeru'd the leaſt of theſe? Sworne to be made a ſtale

For terme of life; And all this for my goodneſſe;
Die, and die ſoone, acquit me of my Oath,
But prethee die repentant; Farewell euer,
'Tis thou, and onely thou haſt Baniſht mee,
Both from my Friends and Countrey.

Wife. Oh, I am loſt. *Sinkes downe.*

Enter Dalauill *meeting* Young Geraldine *going out.*

Dal. Why how now, what 's the buſineſſe?

Y. Ger. Goe take her vp, whom thou haſt oft throwne Downe, Villaine.

Dal. That was no language from a Friend,
It had too harſh an accent; But how 's this?
My Miſtreſſe thus low caſt vpon the earth
Grauelling and breathleſſe, Miſtreſſe, Lady, Sweet——

Wife. Oh tell me if thy name be Geraldine,
Thy very lookes will kill mee?

Dal. View me well,
I am no ſuch man; See, I am Dalauill.

Wife. Th 'art then a Deuill, that preſents before mee
My horrid ſins; perſwades me to diſpaire;
When hee like a good Angel ſent from Heauen,
Beſought me of repentance; Swell ſicke Heart,
Euen till thou burſt the ribs that bound thee in;
So, there 's one ſtring crackt, flow, and flow high,
Euen till thy blood diſtill out of mine eyes,
To witneſſe my great ſorrow.

Dal. Faint againe,
Some helpe within there, no attendant neere?
Thus to expire, in this I am more wretched,
Then all the ſweet fruition of her loue
Before could make me happy.

Enter Wincot Old Geraldine, Young Geraldine, *the two* Lionells, Ricott, Owner, Prudentilla, Reignald, Clowne.

Winc. What was hee clamor'd ſo lowd,
To mingle with our mirth this terrour
And affright?

Dal. See Sir, your Wife in theſe my armes expiring.

Winc. How? *Prud.* My ſiſter?

Winc. Support her, and by all meanes poſſible
Prouide for her deere ſafety.

Old Ger. See, ſhee recouers.

Winc. Woman, looke vp.

Wife. Oh Sir, your pardon;
Conuey me to my Chamber, I am ſicke,
Sicke euen to death, away thou Sycophant,
Out of my ſight, I haue beſides thy ſelfe,
Too many ſinnes about mee.

Clo. My ſweet Miſtreſſe.

Dal. The ſtorme 's comming, I muſt prouide for harbour. *Exit.*

Old Lio. What ſtrange and ſudden alteration 's this,
How quickly is this cleere day ouercaſt,
But ſuch and ſo vncertaine are all things,
That dwell beneath the Moone.

Y. Lio. A Womans qualme,
Frailties that are inherent to her ſex,
Soone ſicke, and ſoone recouer'd.

Winc. If ſhee misfare,
I am a man more wretched in her loſſe,
Then had I forfeited life and eſtate;
Shee was ſo good a creature.

Old Ger. I the like
Suffer'd, when I my Wife brought vnto her graue;
So you, when you were firſt a widower,
Come arme your ſelfe with patience.

Ric. Theſe are caſualties
That are not new, but common.

Reig. Burying of Wiues,
As ſtale as ſhifting ſhirts, or for ſome ſeruants,
To flout and gull their Maſters.

Own. Beſt to end
And ſee how her fit holds her.

Enter Prudentilla *and* Clowne.

Prud. Sir, my Siſter
In theſe few Lines commends her laſt to you,
For ſhe is now no more; What 's therein writ,
Saue Heauen and you, none knowes, This ſhe deſir'd
You would take view of; and with theſe words expired.

Winc. Dead?

Y. Ger. She hath made me then a free releaſe,
Of all the debts I owed her.

Winc. My feare is beyond pardon, Dalauill
Hath plaid the villaine, but for Geraldine,
Hee hath bin each way Noble —— Loue him ſtill,
My peace already I haue made with Heauen;
Oh be not you at warre with me; My Honour
Is in your hands to puniſh, or preſerue;
I am now Confeſt, and only Geraldine
Hath wrought on mee this vnexpected good;
The Inke I write with, I wiſh had bin my blood,
To witneſſe my Repentance —— Dalauill?
Where 's hee? Goe ſeeke him out.

Clo. I ſhall, I ſhall Sir. *Exit.*

Winc. The Wills of Dead folke ſhould be ſtill obeyed;
How euer falſe to mee, I'le not reueale 't;
Where Heauen forgiues, I pardon Gentlemen,
I know you all commiſerate my loſſe;
I little thought this Feaſt ſhould haue bin turn'd *Enter* Clowne.
Into a Funerall; What 's the newes of him?

Clo. Hee went preſently to the Stable, put the Sadle vpon his Horſe, put his Foote into the Stirrup, clapt his Spurres into his ſides, and away hee 's Gallopt, as if hee were to ride a Race for a Wager.

Winc. All our ill lucks goe with him, farewell hee;
But all my beſt of wiſhes wait on you,
As my chiefe Friend; This meeting that was made
Onely to take of you a parting leaue,
Shall now be made a Marriage of our Loue,
Which none ſaue onely Death ſhall ſeparate.

T. Ger. It calles me from all Trauell, and from hencefoorth,
With my Countrey I am Friends.

Winc. The Lands that I haue left,
You lend mee for the ſhort ſpace of my life;
As ſoone as Heauen calles mee, they call you Lord;
Firſt feaſt, and after Mourne; Wee'le like ſome Gallants
That Bury thrifty Fathers, think 't no ſinne,
To weare Blacks without, but other Thoughts within.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.